

# CAVALCADE

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LADY CAROLINE LAMB was a spoilt, wilful, society darling of St. Her father was the Earl of Manchester. Her husband was the heir of Lord Melbourne.

One spring morning in 1812 she decided that she wanted the gallant, sophisticated, but notorious, Lord Byron. He was the tempestuous "head of the bonnet" and was riding the crest of a wave of success and public adulation. His wild, scandalous affairs and romantic poetry were the talk of England.

All social London seemed to meet him. Messengers with instructions to remove footmen stopped traffic in St. James Street, where he had

taken meals. Scores of beautiful women set their caps at him and readily planned his conquest. The competition was near-keen, but Caroline Lamb was determined to catch this one man whom all the noble symbols of the day coveted.

"I must see him," she begged a mutual friend. "I am dying to meet him."

"He has a club foot and hates his name," she was told.

"I don't care if he is as ugly as Aescop," insisted Caroline. "I must see him."

The friend shrugged his shoulders. Two days later he introduced them at a ball. The affair that developed

between them is one of the most sensational and tantalizing in history.

That night she wrote in her diary, "Bad, mad and dangerous to know, but that beautiful, pale face is my fate." She did not realize it, but the words, "Bad, mad and dangerous to know," more aptly summed up her own personality than the poet's.

Caroline was born in 1783. She grew into a peasant, skin-faced sports. Her figure was slight, her eyes a sparkling hazel, and her hair fell in short, pale, golden curls.

Her vomiting of conversation prompted her to dress up as freemason. She took frequent fits in which she screamed and cursed and tore her clothes from her body.

Marriage, it was hoped in her family, might quieten Caroline down. Her mother—middle-aged but still flirtatious Lady Manchester — looked round for a savior.

She found him in a dull, plodding, young politician whom she had long quartered among her own admirers. He was the good-looking but unimpassionate William Lamb, heir to be Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister of England and the confident and adviser of the young Queen Victoria.

Caroline was 29 when she married. The ceremony went without a hitch until the bride suddenly decided she disliked the officiating bishop. In a fit of rage, she tore her dress to shreds and had to be carried downstairs from the church. An hour later the marriage was completed. Caroline departed for her honeymoon, still "in a violent nerve storm."

The seven weeks that followed between she met her first real love in

Byron were similarly tempestuous and unbecoming for William Lamb.

But all the scandalous escapades with which the frivolous Caroline drove her husband to distraction before she met Byron, faded into insignificance when she got really started on that speech.

It was an age accustomed to scandals, but Caroline and the poet loved so recklessly, and with such a lack of discretion, that they became the talk of England.

Byron called daily and the two spent hours clustered together in her private room. No woman had he left—as the return of her husband became imminent—than a procession of poets had begun an almost hourly delivery of love letters, poems, flowers and tokens from one to the other.

They went through a mock marriage ceremony, exchanging vows in deadly seriousness and writing vows of constancy which they signed "Byron" and "Caroline Byron."

A secret affair was not what Caroline wanted. The whole world must know she had triumphed over her rivals for the poet's love. Accordingly, they were constantly together in public—at the opera, driving in an open carriage in the park, at the special functions of the brilliant London season.

The town tittered with glee that Caroline visited the poet late at night in his apartment. Even she, however, could not face the scandal of making such calls openly.

She adopted a disguise. The porters at Byron's chambers were because familiar with a slim, wild-eyed page boy—in plumed hat, silver-laced jacket and scarlet pantaloons—who called frequently at late hours

with measures for the post. William Lamb heard of the gossip and was not sufficiently interested to take any action inspired in his political career, his only demand of his wife was that she should leave him alone.

However, William Lamb was no fool. He knew his Caroline and her character — and that the latter would eventually collapse of its own accord.

He joined his friends who prophesied the lovers would elope, with confident scorn. "They neither wish nor intend going," was his wise verdict. "With simply like the four and interest they create."

His mother, Lady Melbourne, and Caroline's mother, Lady Pembroke, could not trust the matter as lightly. Fervent of gossip and scandal, they did all in their power to break up the affair.

They tried tears and entreaties without success. The beautiful Lady Melbourne then had the brightness of winning the poor herself and subtly deriding Caroline in his eyes.

The conquest was not difficult. Lady Melbourne had been tantalizing a smiling George IV before Caroline Lamb was out of party-halls, and before Byron had first turned his romantic eyes on his father's serving wench.

Lady Byron was to reach gently in her experienced hands. After a stroke of her sustained attack on his feelings, the poet was pointing her fulsome declarations of love.

In her system Caroline's early mother-in-law continued to exert constant little barbs to set Byron thinking about his beloved — and her faith.

"Really, Caroline seems to be becoming better," wrote Lady Melbourne on one such occasion. "She is now only troublesome in private and a great bore in public."

Before long under such attack, Byron was over his infatuation for Caroline. His problem was that it got out of her.

As the first hint that his order was cooling, Lady Lamb flew into a tantrum. She stressed him, wept and threatened suicide.

To make matters worse Byron had not cut to conquer the beautiful but promiscuous Lady Colford. She assumed an ultimatum that he must first break with Lady Lamb before she would consider him.

As a result, Byron wrote an unnecessarily sweet letter to Caroline that was to send her over the precipice into actual mania.

"As to yourself, Lady Caroline," it concluded, "current years young which has become ridiculous, must your capricious an illness enjoy the confident flow of spirits which make you as delighted in the eyes of others as I love me in person."

For a fortnight, after receiving it, Caroline was confined to her bed in a state of nervous collapse. She never really recovered from it.

She got up with one thought — vengeance. Her servants were decked out in new livery. On the balcony she had arranged: "Oh, Grace Byron!" — "Do not believe in Byron" in parody of his motto "Trust in Byron."

In her garden she nightly burned him in effigy on a huge bonfire. She danced round the flowers in a frenzy and fed them with locks of his hair, presents and love tokens he had given her.

As she danced, Caroline chanted:

A dagger verse she had written for the occasion:

"Look not then on me, so grave and sad;

Shake not your heads, nor say the lady's mad."

In her heart, however, Caroline Lamb was still madly in love with the lame poet. She sent him a stream of letters in the hope she could revive the members of the overbearing office.

Byron did not reply. Caroline tried to get in to see him, but was turned away by the porter. Undeterred, she returned disguised as a servant. She got past the porter and into the poet's rooms — to find him engaged in constant dalliance with the legaiding Lady Colford.

The next occasion they met was at a ball. After bitter words, Lady Lamb rushed into another room, broke a glass and raked her arms with the jagged fragments. She was prevented from cutting her throat with a carving knife she snatched up, by the start Lady Melbourne, who had followed her.

Caroline would not believe Byron had lost his love for her. She continued to plague him with pleas to revive the affair.

"You talk to me about keeping her out," Byron wrote to Lady Melbourne. "It is impossible. She comes in at all times, at any time. The moment the door is open, in she walks."

Once Byron returned home to find the unhappy woman had visited his apartment while he was absent. She left a note. It contained nothing but the poignant query, "Remember me!"

Byron's reply took the form of this verse:

"Remember thee? Ay, doubt it not,

Thy husband too shall think of thee, By neither shall thou be forgot, Then false to him, thou false to me."

Even that did not discourage Caroline Lamb. She continued to haunt the poet until he married and, later, left England. The rest of her life she spent as a restless wanderer, fond of such tricks as walking half-naked through the streets of Brussels when in a European tour.

She died of dropsy in 1838. On her deathbed she summoned her faithful husband. He came to her side from Ireland, as she knew he would.

When he entered the room, a happy smile crossed the woman's pained face.

"I know he would come," she whispered to a nurse. "He has never denied me. I wish I could have loved him more." Two days later, Lady Caroline Lamb was dead.

#### LOUIS STROUS



# LET THE CROWDS ROAR

RAY MITCHELL



There are more "incidents" in tennis than in other sports. These give tennis a bad name

WHAT is wrong with tennis players? In recent years there have been a series of incidents which are a disgrace — and would be to schoolboys. Tony Trabert, U.S. Davis Cup representative, created a stir in the Australian championships, when opposed to John Newcombe, veteran ex-Davis Cup player. Leading by two sets, Tony had the match won when he suddenly took offense at the crowd's cheering of Newcombe's good striker. From then on, Tony lost point after point, until New won by three sets to two.

Any world class player who, leading by two sets, loses the match to

a veteran no longer in world class, is in a bad position, because only one of two things can cause his lapse from such a winning position either he suffers an injury, or he loses his temper. Trabert did not suffer an injury. He became so incensed at the crowd's cheering of the veteran that he threw the game away.

That incident was not an isolated one. While playing against Australia's leading player, Lesch Hoad, in the vital Davis Cup singles in the 1955 Davis Cup, Tony complained bitterly of the partisanship of the crowd towards Hoad. What would Trabert expect—that the crowd would

want Tony to win? This was the vital singles, the man who won that match would place his country in a winning position for the Cup. Had Trabert won, U.S.A. would have won that Cup, if Hoad won, the score would be two-all, with one doubles match to play.

The crowd at Kooyung that day did not hate Trabert when he was a point; rather it gave Tony his due and cheered his winning points and great stroke play. But if the cheers for Hoad's sets were louder than the ones for Trabert, isn't that natural?

Such conduct on the part of a man who is supposed to be a sportsman, is unacceptable. Not only did it stamp Trabert as a bad sportsman, but it reflected on his country—U.S.A. And, coming on top of many more exhibitions of bad sportsmanship by other players, it reflects on tennis as a game.

Trabert's fellow American Davis Cup player, Vic Seixas, became so annoyed at calls from the crowd at the White City Australian Championships in January, 1954, that he called to a spectator to come down onto the court and do better. That spectator, annoyed away by the play, had been indignant enough to harass the American. The crowd that day clapped the Aussie for winning points and thus treated Seixas to such an extent that he clapped himself when he scored a winning point!

The Americans are not alone in these displays of bad court behavior. It is on record that Marjory Ross, of Australia, threw her racket onto the court at Wimbledon last July.

Ross has been within a point of winning in many important matches, but because he missed a point, has become so upset that he did not con-

tribute<sup>2</sup> on his game from then on and he lost.

In the 1952 N.S.W. championships, Ross was playing a sister; Vic Seixas and won by three match points, when overhead planes disturbed his concentration. Ross lost that, with his new-found control of himself the Ross of today could go on to world honors.

For Ross has seen the light. He has realized that such losses have cost him championships. Now he does not let those things disturb him and he is a much better player. He has gained control over himself and the new Ross was evident at the 1954 Australian championships. In the semi-finals he ignored his losses and went on to defeat Ken Rosewall. Then, in the final, he again played well, ignoring the crowd's partisanship towards Ken Hawthorn, treated his return, ignored the noise, and he won the final. Why don't some other players realize what Ross has learnt?

In the days when players played in long points, instead of shorts such instances of bad sportsmanship and lack of concentration were rare. Then, even more than now, concentration was essential, because the game was played from the baseline and rallies went on for several minutes. With the present-day play of serve-and-rush-the-net, rallies are seldom seen for more than a few seconds. Service is all-important. Then, today, there are more players more or less on an even keel, another as ability is concerned. The game today is faster, and because there are so many of almost equal ability, nerves are more taxed, even though today's players do not need so much concentration.

Perhaps there is the explanation for some of the tantrums displayed by today's players. They hear the crowd's cheers; they let the team bother them. "I could not concentrate on account of the noise," they say.

Concentration is a matter of personal control of mind. If you cannot concentrate it is not the fault of the crowd, but of your own lack of control. If you learn that control, the crowd's noise becomes just as much background sound effects. If you have remarks by barrackers, you have no concentration.

Why is Lewie Head the best singles player in the world today? He has a powerful serving; he is a good all-round player. But the reason goes deeper than that. How can concentrate. He never lets the crowd annoy him, nor does he allow his bad shots to influence his future play. Head is a sportsman; he is cool. These two aspects make him a popular player. They also make him a better player.

It is a fact that the good sportsman goes further in his sport than the bad sportsman. Perhaps the boxer who is a bad sportsman. He loses his temper if his blows miss. How far does he get in the game? Such a man is the answer to the prayer of every boxer, because the man who loses control of himself is a white-on-black target in the boxing game.

It is unhelpful to see good sportsmen in action in any sport. In tennis we have seen some grand exhibitions of sportsmanship. In that Australian singles match between Trabert and Bromwich, John showed what a fine sportsman he is by wanting to forfeit to Trabert when he, Bromwich, was leading 3-0 in the

final set. Why did he want to forfeit? Because, he said: "I am a veteran. Trabert has everything to gain by winning the Australian title. I am only helping to make up the number. Let Tracy win." That is sportsmanship. But his offer of forfeiture was not accepted. And John could not play badly enough to lose from that position.

Tennis players do not like barrackers; they do not like the crowd to show partisanship; they like the crowd to keep quiet. Picture a night at the stadium. Picture a boxer who is annoyed at the crowd's partisanship, or the crowd's cheering of his opponent, or their booing of himself. Picture that boxer letting those things worry him. What would happen? He would be knocked out. Now picture a boxer, in the middle of a fight, walking to the ropes and offering to fight a spectator. It is ridiculous!

Time to cricket. "Get a bat!" "Take 'em off!" You, you have heard those phrases and many more. Does the cricketer act like the tennis player? Those few who have shown temperance on the field have been booed until they wish they had kept quiet; those bowlers who have lost their temper have been hit for six as their bowling became mis-directed.

What about football or basketball? Could you keep these crowds quiet? Hardly. Does their noise worry the players? Hardly. Because of the bores, footballers, cricketers, basketballers let themselves be worried about the crowd; they would cease to be first-class sportsmen of their sport. And there are always others to take their place.

Of course, we have seen golfers throw away their clubs and abuse

the crowd. But they are playing as individuals, not as national representatives. Apart from which, crowds do not sit for hours in the one place, but are at liberty to move around with any golfer they choose.

Are tennis players a race apart? Evidently they think they are. There is one aspect tennis players evidently do not consider. That is that the game is bigger than the player; the crowd is what keeps the sport going as a paying concern. Fans pay their money to watch sports. Having paid their money they are entitled to look if they are not getting what they have paid for. Every sport must get public support or it will die.

At Melbourne in December, 1931, when Australia successfully defended the Davis Cup, 17,000 fans sat in the rain to see Trabert and Head. They sat in the rain for 6½ hours. Among the spectators was the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies. He sat with bare head to watch the thrilling play. He was left the stands. They paid to watch the tennis. Having paid, and having been prepared to stay under wet conditions, they were entitled to cheer as they saw flour to loaf if they did not like some aspect of play.

If a sportsman does not appeal to them they stop away. It is the sport which draws the crowd; it is the sportsman upon whom rests the aim of the crowd. There will always be a large roll up when a favourite is playing. Professionals know this. Evidently amateur tennis players do not worry because they are not paid a percentage of the takings. On the other hand, professional tennis players play hard and with good sportsmanship because they know that upon

#### ABSON-O QUESTIONS

A few almost learned set the coach—  
(The coach wanted some cash)  
But he could not get the insurance,  
(They wouldn't do anything so rash)  
They told him they'd rebuild the main—  
(Which leg has been sold as main)  
"If that's the way you do business,  
Cancel the insurance on my wife!"

—RAY, ME

These two aspects—ability and sportsmanship—create their breed and better.

But, as stated before, other amateur sportsmen as athletes other than tennis, play the game without tantrums. So why not tennis players?

Good players should be able to play, irrespective of the type of play. Their nervous condition is just what they themselves make it.

If there is antagonism between player and crowd, it is up to the player to improve relations. It is not up to the crowd. The player is one individual; the crowd is made up of thousands of individuals.

Concentration and sportsmanship are essential in all good players, no matter what their sport. If tennis tennis players who throw their rackets to the ground and offer to fight someone in the crowd cannot take the crowd's roar, then those players should play quietly in their own homes. We do not wish to see them.

## AXES IN THE FOREST



JAMES PRESTON

The old timber man found each other with axes. But they were not killing trees. One man had to die.

As soon as Art Lawson hit the timber camp I knew there was no love lost between him and Wayne Faraday. I was with Wayne, sitting outside the man's room hall, when Lawson jumped off the truck that had brought him from the Town and I saw Wayne tense and a white line run along his jawline where the muscles had tightened.

Lawson passed us without a sign of recognition, but I was watching him closely and caught the sidelong glance he flung at Wayne, and I had a cold premonition that there was murder deep in those eyes. I looked at Wayne.

"Know the new kids?"

He shook his head slowly. "For a minute I thought it was someone I

used to know. He looked like him."

"He looks like a good head would do him good. Haven't been out in the sun much by the look of his white skin. If he wants to stay in this camp he'll have to be good," I said, with all the pride of a loyal timber man in my voice.

But I needn't have worried about Lawson. He was good. A little rusty, as though he hadn't had much practice for some time, but a good man with the axe. After a few days he was as much a part of the life of the camp that my early forebodings were forgotten.

They were brought to mind sharply, however, one evening behind the door I was coming up from the stove after washing in the cold water,

and the despairing dark hid me from the two figures standing there.

"You wanted a long time for this, Faraday, too long to forget what you did. Just keep that in mind and think of the accidents that can happen out here," Lawson said softly, and turned on his heel.

I noticed Wayne was very quiet after that. For two days I thought it over, not wanting to interfere where I wasn't wanted, but feeling that a man's duty was to at least show his mate's troubles. So I waited for him when the truck dropped us at Five Mile and walked through the timber with him.

"Wayne," I said, "why don't you come clean about Lawson?"

I think he must have been expecting some such question because he didn't look surprised. He shrugged wearily.

"There's not much to tell," he said. "Lawson was mixed up in a shady deal some years back and I gave evidence against him. He never he'd get me one day. I thought he'd get over it, but it doesn't look as though he has."

We walked on in silence. I dropped back slightly so that I could watch him, noting the droop of his shoulders and hearing Lawson with horrified accuracy. What the hell did he want to come here for upstating things? I thought of telling him he wasn't wanted, but I knew that would achieve nothing. He was the kind of man that didn't forget, and if he missed his revenge today there was always tomorrow.

But Lawson didn't wait for tomorrow. I realized later that he had laid his plans with cunning care, working his way into the confidence of the foreman and the men he

worked with, and studying the best means of getting Wayne on his own.

Usually the fellers work in pairs, left and right hand, cutting the snarl and ripping into the heart of the tree with the keen saws, but on this particular day Wayne had been sent to clear the way for the gang and mark the trees to be felled. My job was to climb the trees and strip the upper branches so that, when the tree fell, the timber would be sound to the top. So we were alone at the upper end of the valley.

I huddled on the steel clanking beams, with the six men gazing on the sides, and slipped my climbing rope around a smooth knot. The sap oozed almost blood red over the pulleys as I sunk them into the soft outer wood and went up the trunk smoothly, like a spider on a window pane. One hundred and fifty feet up I tied the first branch and stopped to look down.

Wayne had moved out to the right so that the branches I dropped would not fall on him. I watched him clearing the snarl with quick, smooth strokes of his axe and somehow the thoughts of Lawson and the hate in his heart seemed out of place in the peaceableness of the valley. Far away over the mountains the sunlight shuddered off the snow and over the valleys lay a dreamy blue mist.

I shrugged myself back to reality and went on with my job, working over the tree and then climbing to the ground. Wayne was well over to the right and I could not see him until I was half way up the next tree. He looked up and waved and I grinned back at him.

The tree I was on was not quite as high as the previous one, but

some of the branches had become married by the weathering and I had to be careful not to get tangled with them. I shed one sticky limb and watched it fall. Then I froze, and only for my safety belt I would have fallen.

Working his way up the slope was Lawson. He was keeping to the bushes and, but for my elevation, I would have missed him. As it was, the bush below was spread out like a tarp and his figure looked small as it fitted through the clearings. The sun struck afire of light from the head of the axe he carried.

It could be that the foreman had sent him to Wayne with a message, there could be some ordinary explanation for his presence there, but deep in my heart I knew there wasn't. Feet struck cold under me and I knew the showdown had come. Wayne! I had to warn him. I tried to shout, but my throat was constricted and dry and a hoarse croak came from it.

I could see Wayne, another way in the misting spread below, and my jerk away Lawson still made his silent way through the bush. God, I had to do something! I couldn't just stay there and watch murder being

done. But what could I do? By the time I slunked down it would be over.

"Wayne!"

In spite of all that I put into the shout, it wasn't much better than a croak, but it reached Wayne. He stopped working and looked up, wiping the back of his hand across his face. I waved towards the bush and suddenly the truth descended on him and he straightened, listening.

Lawson heard my shout and stopped. He tried to know me, hesitated, then went on.

The two men came face to face in a little clearing at the base of a towering knoll. Wayne saw the axe in Lawson's hands and from where I stood I could see his own hands tighten about his own smooth back-scy handle. They stood watching each other, and I guessed that it was Lawson doing the talking while Wayne watched him, tense and silent.

I saw Wayne's lips move and Lawson answered. Suddenly he made a lunge with his axe, the keen blade flashing in the sunlight. Wayne jumped clear and raised his own axe defensively.

In spite of the heat and the sweat running freely down my arms, I

felt as though an ice cube had slid down my back. This was murder, gold-blooded murder I had to do something. I started to slink down, then realized how foolish that was. A battle such as this would be over long before I reached the ground. I stopped and looked down again, not wanting to look but hypnotized by the drama below.

The two men were crouching, stretched and looking for an opening. Wayne was on the defensive, but to keep that other blade from his throat or body he had to attack. He moved in a shining, underbored snap which almost caught Lawson disarmed. I saw his lips move as he named. Then there was a wild flurry of bare arms, glowing axe heads and drifting dust before they came apart again, panting. Wayne's arm bleeding, Lawson grinning.

Lawson swung again and Wayne caught it on the handle of his axe. I heard Lawson's exultant shout as the blade went through the hickory. Wayne went backwards, stumbling, and Lawson went after him, murder written plain on his face. Wayne scooped a handful of dirt and threw it at the grinning foe, recovered his balance and stood low under the axe.

For what seemed like hours the two men stood there locked together. I wanted to shout, slink down and run to help Wayne, anything to break that awful, deadly monotony, but all I could do was to huddle there in the safety strip and pray for Wayne.

Suddenly they parted. Lawson tried to bring his axe around and Wayne let go one hand and let him head at the base of the throat. He had no margin. Lawson went reeling

back, tripped and sprawled on his back. Wayne gathered himself to follow his advantage, then stopped as Lawson screamed.

It was horrible to listen to that scream, as though red hot pincers had reached into the bowels of a man on the rock. Lawson thrashed wildly on the ground for several seconds, then stiffened and seemed to relax slowly.

I went down the tree quicker than safety allowed and when I got to the clearing Wayne was standing beside the still body of Lawson, his hands buried wearily at his sides and sweat and dust thick on his bare arms and chest.

"Wayne! You all right?" He nodded, looked his lips and wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of his hand. "You all right," he said.

I turned to Lawson, then looked back to Wayne. "You didn't . . . ?"

He read the thought in my mind and shook his head. "No. The pine shell brought it on himself. Look." He bent down and moved the body slightly and there on the ground, the red blood making into the shattered highway handle, was Wayne's axe, blade upturned, held there by the shattered handle embedded in the soil ground.

The whole picture flashed through my mind. As Lawson fell the whole weight of his body would be on that razor-sharp edge.

"It had to come," Wayne said softly. "You can't go on musing a hole like that for years without serious suffering. I suppose it's some kind of justice."

"Yes, I suppose it is," I said and we walked down the slope to the foreman and the rest of the gang.





# Crime Capsules

## PASSING THE TIME

The favorite pastime of criminals in jail is reading. And the favorite reading matter of condemned criminals in Chicago Jail is poetry. Other male prisoners in the same jail devour readings of the wide screen apocryph. New Hampshire poet enthusiasts dissected the minutes there liked reading travel books, while a women's jail reports that the inmates like to read love stories.

## BOOMERANG

Nick Williams, proprietor of a Seattle store, accused at work was motivated to find a stack of clothing and radio equipment, which had been stolen the previous night, plus a four-dollar bill. A note, explaining the money was for a married widow, stated, in part "They made me take it back."

## SILENCE IS GOLDEN

When Mrs. Marie Christa, a French widow, was found blood-groomed to death on her lonely lawn, police were stumped. But Angelo Bruni, the dead woman's dead maid employee, indicated that he had something to tell. As he was totally illiterate, communication was difficult—until the policeman sent for a

movie camera and a reel of actors. They filmed Bruni at work and showed him the film. He understood. They wanted him to act what he had to say. He made love to the actress playing the dead widow, but was repulsed. He tossed an axe to kill her, but the axe was made of paper mache and it broke. So, in a frenzy, he closed his hands around the throat of the actress. The police asked him, they know they had their killer.

## OUT OF COURT

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, two men were charged with violating the peace. They were fighting in the street. The judge asked them why they were fighting and they told him of an argument they had had. "Why don't you two settle it out of court, instead of accusing one another here?" asked the judge. One of the accused replied, "What do you think we were doing when the cops arrested?"

## A CLEAN SHEET

In Denmark a man was charged with trying to break into a house. He denied the charge, and he planned to go into the window-breaking business and he was doing some advanced study. The police did not go for his story.



# Reflected Glory

Now what would these three young ladies be doing? No, they are not making watermelon—they are trying out a new gadget called the Sarcasm. It is a reflector invented by actor Hugh O'Brian and by it you can turn any part of the body you wish. As long as that is the case. But turn over and see what it does. It has no real effects.







"It says here she was bitten by an asp — not a wasp!"

## THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE



Charles F. Johnson  
 Frank McPhlip, popular in the  
 underworld, with a gun.

THE big man stood in front of the sergeant's desk, tossing his cap in his two grumpy paws. As the sergeant went on with his work, ignoring the giant, the big fellowidgeted more than ever. He wiped his hairy paw over his sweating face and rested his weight alternately on each foot.

Suddenly the sergeant looked up. "Well," he asked, "what do you want?"

The giant bowed over, resting his weight on the desk. "I've come to inform on Frankie McPhlip," he said.

His statement brought sudden interest. In fact, it brought the sergeant to his feet. "Where is he?" he almost thundered. And the giant told him exactly where to find the man whom the authorities wanted more than any other.

McPhlip was shot, and the officers collected the cursed blood money—money stained with the blood of the Informer's friend, Frankie McPhlip. And, before that money was finally spent, it was covered with the blood of the Informer.

"The Informer!" It was a great film—a film as stark as the times it portrayed—the untold times of the revolution in Ireland. And, as the Informer, Victor McLaglen turned in his greatest performance. It was

has the Academy Award for the best acting of 1935 and it was one of the greatest and most moving performances of all time.

There still a former boxer much the heights in a field which contains no such competition as in boxing.

Vic, at the age of 14, had run away from home to enlist in the British Army in the First War. On account of his age he was accepted. He acquired himself well. Upon discharge he went to Canada and became a silver prospector, and it was in Quebec that he began his pugilistic career. His rise was sensational. Within three months he was proclaimed an heavyweight champion of Eastern Canada.

The spirit of adventure being in his blood, Vic travelled with a side-show as a strong man and wrestler. On one occasion he pinned a whole football team, and even at a time, in a wrestling match, the entire team being defeated in the total time of one hour.

A sportsman named Ruddy Bishop to consideration, as Vic's father was a church bishop, enticed Vic away from the side-show and took him on tour as a boxer, where he met with much success.

Vic had one unfortunate experience as a boxer. That was against tough Phil B. Blawie. Vic was receiving attention in his career, plans to come out for the fifth round. He seemed by outside odds to have a strong of numerous method of water. He seemed out on the spot.

In 1930 Vic having a successful exhibition with the then world heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson. Deciding the opposition was a bit tough McLaughlin tried to make-ville He and a brother-Arthur—

named Canada, Brown and the Big Blonde, and arrived in Australia with their act.

While here the Kalamorcha sold rank began and the two brothers became opponents, with Vic doing quite a bit of fighting on the side. By now he had grown into a trained five-round giant.

When World War I started in 1914 all the McLaughlins (five of them) joined the British Services, Vic attaining the rank of Captain in the Army. The outbreak of war had put an end to Vic's various boxing career, which he had resumed after some years of comparative idleness. In fact, Vic was called to fight for the British Heavyweight title, but had to cancel the bout when he received his call to arms.

It is of note that all the McLaughlins came through the war without a scratch.

In England, the call came for and to the wounded, and Vic's father offered to box any other Bishop his age in England, the proceeds to go to the fund for the wounded.

Churchmen were shocked at the Bishop's challenge. One newspaper featured an article which had a big dig at Victor, the son of a Bishop, being a boxer. Bishop McLaughlin became indignant and challenged the writer to a fight for charity. His father wrote a defense of him, stating that he would be ashamed of any man who could not use his hands. He declared boxing as a fine sport.

The Bishop wrote: "I should like to see boxing followed by the youth of the world. If we had more of that, we would have less combat with deadly weapons and more atti-

tudes of devotion with the weapon God gave to man—his hands.

"I am nothing contrary to Christianity in boxing. The opposition is solely the numbers of those who have forgotten that they are men living in a world of men, and not Victorian old ladies."

The article created quite a stir and many wrote letters to the newspaper about it. But no logical argument was put forward in opposition to the Bishop. Nor did anyone accept the Bishop's challenge to a fight.

Upon his discharge from that, his second war, Vic resumed his boxing career. But he had slipped. He was getting old as boxers go, and he had softened up. After being knocked out by Frank Godford he retired.

Still the adventure. Vic went to various parts of the world in search of hard work and danger. Finally he arrived in Hollywood. He was broke. Vic walked up to the gate and asked the gatekeeper if there were any jobs around.

"No," replied the gatekeeper, only in his own job and not caring about anyone else. "Best go!"

Vic stood here up and snorted. "Well, I'm count on me to see somebody in authority." And he made to brush past the gatekeeper.

That worthy grabbed Vic, and McLaughlin went into action. One sweep and the studio employee was sprawled on his back.

Instantly half a dozen other employees dashed up to spot the bulky man. Vic growled. This was what he liked. With thorough enjoyment he set about the attackers.

"Hey, that man down there!" came a call. One of the studio employees



looking up and the voice continued: "Bring that big fellow up here."

It was a hapless director. The brawl ceased and Vic, strengthening his clothes, marched to the director's office.

The director appraised Vic carefully. He took in the broad shoulders, the height, the magnificent features of the giant. He made a decision.

"Can you act?" he snapped.

"What kind of acting?" asked Vic emphatically. "If you mean can I make love before the camera, I'm no Randolph Vahdema." And he uttered his coarse guffaw of laughter—the laughter which was to become famous in films.

Vahdema-McLaughlin? The director shook his head at the thought. "No," he replied, "I'm looking for a tough guy for a picture I'm making. Like the job?"

McLaughlin did not hesitate. He took the job. That picture, "What Price Glory?" was Vic's debut into the film

world and he co-starred with Edmund Lowe. As the tough Army Officer, Captain Flagg, McLaglen was a rat. Fans and film directors moved over him. He and Lowe were rushed into further roles and each was successful.

Came "The Informer", "Under Two Flags", "The Magnificent Brute", "Money Stays in Manning", and that great Indian adventure drama, "Lone of a Bengal Lancer".

For years McLaglen rode on the crest of a wave. Then, gradually, as he got older and his great masculine physique turned to a mass of flabby flesh, he was relegated to supporting roles. His film appearances became fewer and fewer, until finally he was forgotten by the average film fan.

But in late 1932 he once more flashed across the screen. And he proved he was still a great actor, by being nominated for the Academy Award for the best acting in a supporting role. The film was "The Quiet Man".

He did not win the Award, but he did not worry. That gilded statuette, known as the Oscar, was just so much junk to Victor. On one occasion, when a newspaper reporter went to McLaglen's home to get a story, he saw the devoted Oscar doing duty as a door stop!

But it did not stop there. Last year a Hollywood dame, scripting the diaries in his district, found in one, an Oscar. It belonged to Victor McLaglen.

## THE KILLER IN THE MOUNTAINS



Finishing the killer of the young man and the girl did not seem a hard job, but proving it took time and a lot of running.

THE KILLER IN THE MOUNTAINS



A MAN and a girl sat before a campfire high in the wild, mountainous region of north-western California. Snow reached the stars, in the body of the girl.

She was only 18, and lovely in her best evening and trim riding breeches. A mop of flaming red hair matched the healthy glow of her cheeks and her full, red, handsome lips.

But Carmen Wagner wept. She wept for the beauty of the ranges around her, for the roar of the rushing streams and the pungent tang of pine needles.

All these she had known and loved as she grew here from a lonely, her-

mit hunting into any man's dream of feminine perfection. Now she was to leave them no more. For Carmen Wagner was destined to die.

In the hands of the man, who was her captor, was a Luger automatic. Already he had killed her lover. Now, because she knew who had fired that fatal shot, she too was to be murdered.

Hate and fear mingled in the dark, daring eyes of the man. He prodded her with the gun "Carmen," he ordered, "get up!"

She clamped the murderous purpose in his eyes "Please don't!" she screamed "Don't do it, for God's sake. Please..."



"Ward"

Then was concluded one of the most heinous double murders on record. A mad butcher was loose in the hill country. He had been left a trail of mysterious death that was not to be fully elucidated for years.

About the same time in the killing of Carmen Wagner on October 11, 1935 a lone hunter came upon a car parked in the driveway of an abandoned homestead further down the mountain trail.

Strapped to the running board of the car was a recently killed deer. Sprawled on the ground beside it was the dead body of a tall, good-looking young man.

The hunter rode down to the town of Eureka and returned with Sheriff Edward Reid and the Coroner, Oscar Swenson. Examination showed that the dead man had been shot through the back. There was no sign of any weapon. A search of the car disclosed nothing but a woman's vanity case and comb.

Both the officials recognized the murdered man as 31-year-old Henry Sweet of Eureka. But they were puzzled by the absence of the woman who apparently had been a passenger in the car.

The parents of Henry Sweet received by had left home on the night of October 7 on a deer hunting expedition into the mountains. He was accompanied by his sweetheart, 31-year-old Carmen Wagner of the nearby town of Eureka.

With both the girl and the murder gun missing, the coroner's office knew one that Carmen Wagner had killed young Sweet. She was a crack shot and knew the mountains almost as well as the roaming wild life that haunted them. It was thought that

she had quarreled with her lover, shot him in a fit of anger and, terrified of the consequences, fled to some mountain hideout.

Sheriff Reid interviewed the girl's parents. They identified the vanity case found in the car as belonging to Carmen. She had used it while staying hunting for a few days with some friends but did not reveal who they were. She had taken her own rifle and was accompanied by her dog, Pluto.

The investigation shifted back to the mountains. Three backwoodsmen were located who had seen the couple on their trip. One of them established that they were both alive, and strapping the dead deer to Sweet's car, only two hours before his body was found.

In that two hours Sweet had been killed. Carmen, two rifles and her dog had disappeared.

A lone posse was assembled by Sheriff Reid to search the mountains. "Locate Carmen Wagner," he ordered. "Cover every hill and gulch for some clue as to her fate or whereabouts."

For a week the posse ranged the mountain trails without success. They found nothing, except the remains of a campfire at the mouth of the lonely Baker Creek Canyon.

No significance was attached to the pile of ashes, and by Sunday, October 13, half of the hunters had given up and gone home, convinced that Carmen Wagner was the culprit and had made a successful getaway.

A new chapter was given to the search that afternoon. Poking around near the abandoned house where Sweet's body was found, one of Reid's deputies found a fresh bullet

hole in a perfect fence. Sighting through it to get the line of fire, he found on a clump of oaks about 200 yards away. The deputy made for the tree. After a short search he uncovered a rifle concealed in a bush. It was identified by a special horse-made sight as Carmen Wagner's gun.

The dead did not impress Sheriff Edward Reid. When he arrived on the scene, a bunch of excited possesmen were hunting the rifle around the suggestion-swapping whatever fingerprints might have been on it. Significant was the fact that the clump of oaks had been carefully examined several times during the previous week without uncovering the gun. To the sheriff's mind there loomed the suspicion that the gun had been planted there by some member of the posse—and he was probably the murderer. For the first time he was convinced that Carmen Wagner was dead.

As the hunters returned with fresh enthusiasm, a youth named Kenneth Wilford approached the sheriff with a suspicion and a suggestion.

He had noticed the campfire ashes at the mouth of Baker Creek Canyon. Nearby was the cabin of Jack Ryan and his half-brother, Walter David. Half-breed Indians, they lived by trapping and hunting in the mountains.

"There hasn't been any search of the canyon," Kenneth Wilford told the sheriff. "That pair seem too anxious not to have anyone go up the canyon."

Sheriff Reid detailed two men to sweep the canyon—without letting Ryan or David know about it.

The two secret searchers, Kenneth

Black and Halvey Paxon, made their way to Baker Creek Canyon. Almost immediately they were intercepted by a halfbreed and armed Indian guide—apparently on guard for Ryan and David. The two men forced him to lead the way.

They had not straggled far into the precipitous, pine-clad before Paxon stopped and snuffed the air. They followed the snuff, ascending the walls of the canyon. The silence about became strange. Rounding a bend they caught sight of something lying on a high slab of rock.

It was the downgoing body of a deer. They looked around carefully. It did not take them long to find the girl's body.

There were burns on her wrists where she had been trussed with ropes. A valuable west-watch she

CARMEN WAGNER



was known to have been wearing was missing.

The coroner was concerned by Coroner Swenson, who declared death was caused by two bullets in her brain like she had been dead, in his view, for from five to ten days. There had been no crumpled animal. Under her neck were scraps of human skin and flesh, where she had apparently stretched her attacker's face.

Sheriff Reed and a bunch of deputies went out to pick up the two half-breed brothers. They first came upon Walter David riding along the trail. He made no resistance to arrest. Asked about the spots of scratches on his face, he claimed he received them while riding through deep brush.

Jack Ryan was surprised in his bunk in his cabin. He made no protest when roiled out and ordered to dress.

While he was dressing, Sheriff Reed rummaged through his clothing and jewelry belongings. He took possession of a Luger pistol hanging on a nail in the pocket of a pair of trousers behind the door, he found Coroner Wagner's watchwatch.

"What have you got to say about that?" Ryan was asked.

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders passively. "I never saw it before," he stated, "It must have been planted on me."

Lodged in the Baroka pool, both men protested their innocence. They claimed thirty miles away from Baker Creek Canyon at the estimated time of the murders.

The sheriff was certain, however, that he had the right man in Jack Ryan, particularly when scientific analysis disclosed human bloodstains on the half-breed's coat.

His nose against the other half-breed was not so certain. A few days later, Walter David was released when his alibi was proved to be true.

The scratches on his face, it was discovered, he had received in a fight with a young lady of the town whom he viewed in Baroka. Embarrassed, he had tried to tell a white lie when questioned about them.

Meanwhile, evidence mounted against Jack Ryan. Mallets found in Coroner's skull were stated definitely

by ballistics experts to have been fired from the half-breed's Luger. Horse hairs on the dead girl's coat were identical with those of Ryan's team horse. Goat hairs picked up near her body had come from a pair of cowboy chaps found in his cabin.

On February 11, 1934, Jack Ryan stood trial for the murder of Coroner Wagner. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Arthur Hill. He had a trump and up his sleeve which he considered made his case irrefutable.

After presenting the steadily formidable array of evidence against the prisoner, the District Attorney called to the stand a new witness. He gave his name and stated he was a special operative employed by the famous "Horns International Detective Agency".

Jack Ryan's dark face had turned deathly white. His hands gripping the desk, he listened with the rest of the court as the witness described how, on a faked charge, he had been confined for a few days in the county jail, in the same cell as the prisoner.

The judge overruled the objection of Jack Ryan's attorney. The court listened in an authorized hush as the private detective related how he had won Ryan's confidence.

"Remember that I was to leave the jail first, Ryan begged me to do certain favors," he stated. "First he told me to tell his mother to wash a shirt of his that was covered with blood. Secondly, he wanted her to dispose of 15 Luger shells he had hidden in a hen's nest. Thirdly he gave me a knife he wanted buried."

Across the courtroom came the District Attorney's final question. "Did Jack Ryan admit his guilt to

you?" he looked at the witness. "He did," was the detective's laconic reply.

That seemed to settle the case. The jury retired for a short time and then returned with their verdict. They found Ryan "Not Guilty."

Both Sheriff Reed and District Attorney Hill were stunned at this culmination of works of work. Whatever reassures the jury had for their verdict it was said they reached it because they did not like the use of a spy against a man fighting for his life. Jack Ryan was free. Never again could he be charged with the murder of Coroner Wagner.

But the public was not satisfied that two murders should go unavenged. At the following county election, they elected a new Sheriff, J. W. Hansen, and a new District Attorney, Stephen Meisler. Both men had made the solving of the case a prominent plank in their election campaign.

Meisler hoped in so distant the killer's conscience that he would be lured into making a mistake—or a confession. But to a number of the tough mountain folk, this must have seemed a foolish chance. They saw themselves as avengers of the lovely girl who had been done to death.

In that role, one winter's night, nearly two years after the murders, they kidnapped Walter David, Jack Ryan's half brother, and set about making him talk.

The following morning his body was found dumped on a mountain peak. He had been severely tortured to death.

Two of his front teeth had been jammed out from their roots with pressure. He had been tied with leather straps and his body beaten black and blue with a club.



"Hey, Wilson!"



When that failed to make the half-breed reveal what he knew of the illness, hatred was wrunged around his neck and chest. When his body was found, the flesh there was a ribbed crimson mass of meat, as the wire had been slowly twisted tight. Thus it was that eventually killed the tormented Walter David.

He had died before he talked. But his torture affected Jack Ryan. Fear was showed momentarily in his eyes, as he wished to see if he was next on the list of the capricious vengeance.

District Attorney Mettles noted this. He knew all Indians are fanatically superstitious and decided to follow up the fear with a new attack on Ryan's conscience.

Letters, in different handwriting, were mailed to the half-breed from all over California. One of them, which was typical, read:

"Jack Ryan, The Wind of a murdered girl calls to Heaven. All the gods and all the devils stirr look upon you as a murderer. Red clouds symbolizing the burning soul shall float through your mind. Black clouds of a tortured soul at the hour of death are slowly gathering about you. You have seen much death in the your own family."

But Ryan, beyond wailing in frequent bouts of weeping and delirium, seemed unaffected by the letters and gave no sign of cracking.

District Attorney Mettles was stampeded as to the next move. Then a number of conclusions began to come in from ranchmen that Jack Ryan had been committing their un-

der-est daughters. This was it. Without delay, the half-breed was arrested, consisting of criminal assault and sentenced to terms totaling 30 years in San Quentin Penitentiary.

Under strongest cross-examination by relays of police, Ryan eventually broke down with a confession to the murders. The trouble, he explained, had started when he went to the old home where Sweet and Corbett were camping. He wanted to collect payment for some whiskey he had supplied them.

Sweet refused to pay and told the half-breed to go to hell. Jack Ryan pretended to ride away, but stretched back. He crept up and appropriated their two rifles. Then from behind a rock he picked off Sweet with a single shot.

Corbett was forced to walk back up the trail to the spot where the campfire was located at the entrance to the canyon.

He shot her twice, and conveyed her body on his horse up the canyon to the spot where it was found. Her day followed them, so he shot it also. He later planted Corbett's rifle near the abandoned house to throw suspicion on one of the possamen. Sweet's rifle he buried high in the mountains.

Ryan was rushed into court. He pleaded guilty to the two murders and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He will begin to serve it after he completes his previous 30 year term. He was hauled back to San Quentin. The case was named "Blood."

But actually it was not finally solved. Even today, the torture killers of Jack Ryan's half brother are still unidentified.

Michelle Saffargy  
By Noel Hickey



## pointers to better health

### THE CHILD WON'T EAT

An average doctor sees her to tea once each week, in which a mother brings in her child with the story of loss of appetite. Usually the mother suspects a disease. But doctors say that distress in children persists in these cases and that the trouble is usually due to three factors: Eating on the run, not enough vitamins in the diet and eating between meals. Taking the first, in every house, the meal is simply a time to get down, gulp the food, glare at one another and get away as quickly as possible. In this case, the family should treat a meal as a pleasure, take time over eating, and discuss things in a friendly manner. With regard to vitamins, many mothers cannot be bothered to prepare meals with variety. Often—particularly at the midday meal—the just prepared sandwiches kids get sick of eating the same things (who doesn't) and while adults eat because they know they have to in order to remain healthy, children eat what they like, and, if they get sick of a certain diet, they just will not eat. Thirdly, never let children eat between meals. If they do, they have

not room in their stomachs to eat the meals prepared for them.

### CANCER DRUGS

The most deadly form of cancer is malignant melanoma. It is a dark growth which starts on the skin and spreads rapidly inside the body. Patients live only a few weeks. Now Dr. Sidney Farber, of the Children's Cancer Research Centre and Harvard Medical School, Boston, has come out with a drug which slows up this cancer. The drug is Trichlorophosphorphenanthrene—or, to cut it down to its usual name, Teps. It is related to the retinene molecule, which has been used in the treatment of Hodgkin's disease. Dr. Farber says that Teps treatment gives the patient another year of life. Teps is not a cure, but the fact that it slows down the growth of the cancer, is a weapon in the war against cancer.

### D.D.T.

According to Dr. Edward F. Knapp, president of the American Association of Economic Entomologists, D.D.T., which came into common use some ten years ago, has saved 1 million lives and 100 million serious diseases.

# NAUTICAL MISSES



These Hollywood actresses have a grand time, and who can blame them—wouldn't you give them a good time? Lou Chassin, Jackie Waldron and Diane Smith are the ladies. Don't let the masculine names of the first two put you off. If you have any doubts, look at them. But their poses here show they know little of sailing.



Down below to change and up on deck to prepare for the sailing. Just in case, they are fitting the tarpaulin from the lifeboat. Now, if the girls want a hand, I'm sure there are a number of fellows only too glad to be of assistance. The girls sure like the water—and who wouldn't give them a wave?

The tarp is off and away they go. But it took so long to remove the tarpaulin that the weather changed; and so did the girls—to something warmer and more sexy. These girls may not be musical, but their form on this yacht is not bad, and while wind-jackets may be the thing, sweaters are more fitting here. don't you think?



# THE SHOCKS PEOPLE GET



REAR HEADSHAW

The man, named Walter Harwell, took his own life, and the man behind him, named Harwell, took his own life.

PEOPLE are often shocked themselves or their neighbors. And often their victims. Shocks can kill, terrify and awe, restore and destroy. They can release and inspire emotions of horror, fear, joy and relief. History is full of great shocks.

Towards the end of the century, a young man named Walter Harwell took his seven-year-old niece to visit Niagara Falls. Harwell was cultured, educated, held down an important and highly-paid job. He was by no means irresponsible. He made his fun in a sober and calculated way. But that day at Niagara some snap

of mischief took hold of him. With a smile, he turned to see the child with him watching the hurled cascade with a mingled expression of awe and fun on her face. Then, on an impulse, Harwell caught her up, and laughingly said: "Now, Betty, I'm going to throw you into the water."

He swung her backwards and forwards.

The child shrieked, twisted in his hands, and, almost before he realized it, had slipped from his grasp.

A bystander said that the face of the falling child was a mask of frozen horror. The mouth was wide

open, as though in a pantomime of a scream, for no human voice could be heard in the din of the crashing waters. It was the same face that Harwell saw.

Shocked, he stood like stone, gazing in horror as the little girl disappeared in the swirling torrent. With the girl's name on his lips, and before anyone could restrain him, Harwell leaped into the main current in a hopeless attempt at rescue. Both he and his niece were drowned.

Another incident at Niagara involved a hatted man, Thomas Levy. Levy was a murderer. With the stars in front of him and the sheriff close behind, it looked as though he would have to surrender. But he chose the river as the locus of the two obstacles to escape. There was only one chance of crossing it—by the wire of an old bridge.

Hand over head, Levy started to span the dreadful chasm. His robes began to burn and blister. He was half way over when the sheriff and his men appeared on the bank. They watched the appalling spectacle in silence. They saw Levy's hands covered with blood that trickled down his arms. It was only a matter of waiting for the moment when the body would drop.

But Levy, faced with the shocking leap of falling to his death, summoned every ounce of initiative he possessed. Swinging over that narrow gap like a dancing on a tight-rope, he felt the strength draining out of his arms, and he knew that he could not hold on much longer. His own blood lubricated the wire and it was hard to stop his fingers from slipping. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the onlookers, and with the dexterity of an acrobat, he placed

his legs over the wire and hung from them head downwards. When he was able to do so, he went on, in the same way, hand over hand, until he again needed rest, when he repeated the method.

In this ingenious way, he finally reached the opposite bank. But the shock of the experience was still with him. He lay shuddering and panting. It was an hour before he staggered to his feet, and, with the helpless sheriff looking on, continued on the last stages of his remarkable escape.

What strange shock was it that afflicted John Ferguson, of Appleton, who, while leaving him normal in every other respect, deprived him somehow of the ability to relax from any kind?

More than that, he was not affected in any way by the endless fun.

Ferguson, a shepherd and herdman, was out looking for stray cattle in the mountains when someone by their side after his restless trading he drank heavily from a little creek and then fell asleep on the bank. He slept for 12 hours. When he woke, he was a changed man, physically and mentally. Possessed of great energy and endurance he put could not summon the strength to rise to his feet. Atravé-minded, he found that his shoulders were jagged and broken. He had, he said, the sensation that he had been somewhere else on time and place. The condition persisted for an hour or so, when he began to feel his normal self. The weakness he felt was merely the result of hunger, he reasoned.

A friend, Archibald Campbell, found him and took him to his own house. A hog wail was all before

Ferguson. But he hadn't taken a couple of mouthfuls before he felt sick. Purified, he tried again, but this time not only the taste of the food but the sight of it repelled him.

Camphell led him to a room, and laid him to down hours later, when he thought to feed. Ferguson was violently ill at once as he ate it. He suffered the same reaction every time food was presented to him. All he took daily was a pint of water. For twenty days Ferguson was in Camphell's house, and for twenty days he lived on water. Doctors found it impossible that Ferguson had survived—but were inexplicable was the fact that there was no change in his face, his physician, or his vigor. He had not lost an ounce of weight.

On the twenty-first day, Ferguson was eating with his ordinary gusto as though nothing had ever happened to him.

Shelton can produce theory, and on that point a famous mind-doctor has said that theory is a simple matter of the faculties, in the higher degrees amounting to total immobility to every impression. James Torne was having proof of this theory. The sudden knowledge of his business losses was such a shock to him that he instantly became a human robot. He sat still. He did not talk. He merely took food when it was put into his mouth. Every evening he was nudged from his bed by a servant, who dressed him, placed him into the parlor, where he sat the whole day with his body bent forward and his eyes fixed on the floor. It went on like that for nearly five years; then Torne recovered as suddenly as he had been stricken. The recovery was complete, and he

resumed his business activities where he had left off.

A more extraordinary case, perhaps, is that of the James brothers whose shock had a chosen reaction effect. Two of the brothers, Michael and Allen, were consigned into the army, and in their first battle, Allen was shot dead. Michael was transferred immediately from a hospital camp to a hospital ship. When taken home to his family's house he presented such an unbearable and tragic sight that his other brother John, who suffered in the same way, so that both of them had to be sent to the Brevin, a French hospital for lunatics.

The Brevin, incidentally, housed Louis Rouquet. It was a shock of pleasure that transformed him into an idiot and put him there. Rouquet, an engineer, and a simple man, had designed an improvement in machine construction. Subsequent was so taken with it that he sent Douglas a most flattering letter. That the mighty President of the Committee of Public Safety had deigned so to honor him was too much for the humble engineer, and he was literally struck motionless on the spot.

Gaston Martin, an Italian physician, once shocked with horror a whole crowd of people. He suffered a brief but alarming shock of insanity himself during the process. Martin had applied for his degree to the select and famous school of medicine at Ferrara, but the professors explained that it was first necessary for Martin to demonstrate his knowledge and ability in the science of medicine.

In the course of the games at Ferrara a stage was built, and in the presence of the whole population,

Martin displayed his powers. On the stage were several living tacks—provided by the college so that there might be no deception. An official selected the five largest, and Martin placed them beside him on the bench. Then, while the thousands of eyes followed his every move, he cut each of the tacks in two, and squeezed them down into a goblet all the fluids and juices they contained.

Swallowing the poison, he placed the empty goblet on the bench, and walked to the front of the stage. He stood motionless. Suddenly, his limbs began to tremble. His face went white as lead and red with sweat. His body became hysterically swollen and distorted. All over the vast audience women screamed and fainted, men shouted that Martin's death was upon him.

Martin himself was in great distress. For a moment he thought he had lost it too long. With shaking, clearing eyes, he took from a jar at his side some of his famous olive-tree-gum antidote, a wonderful secret that he alone possessed—and emptying a bottle of it into his mouth, swallowed. The effect was instantaneous vomiting, in less than a minute Martin stood smiling, perfectly recovered, while the relieved crowd transferred its appreciation.

Tom Colquhoun, Italian, not only recovered his degree, he was honored as surpassing all others for his wonderful skill in the science and knowledge of medicine.

Which all goes to make for a somewhat commentary on the state of the heading set in these days—shocking



"I'll have to hang up now, Allen . . . John wants his supper."



"I don't suppose you've ever been in a battle of wits?"



YOU'LL never find much trouble getting a job with a circus. Tent hands are the life line of the big top and they come and go like bees on a comb. Some quit the job so they can handle the pay between a few towns. Others leave silently after the pull-down at night, and others are asked. Banned because they are absolute no-hopos and won't pull their weight.

I remember the night I joined a circus. I was hanging the heavy and making towards Midtown in a roundabout direction. Now I was in Bendigo. That night around ten I hatched all business on my mind pocket and pushed on in the teeth of a bitter winter wind.

Around Eaglehawk, on the outskirts of Bendigo, I was just in time to hear someone yell "Let her go." Then the great umbrella swooped to around.

I wandered on to the lot. I had an idea that I might get a ride through that night on one of the wagons. But the circus didn't push on until morning. However, I landed a job at thirty bob a week with supper and I thought that wasn't too bad at all.

You might think that getting up and pulling down the big top right after night gets monotonous. Well, you're right, but there are a lot of accidents that cancel out some of the monotony. For one thing you

was a different town every day and on some of these towns you'd always find the character who wants to pick a fight with you.

He doesn't know you from a tin of fish. But that doesn't matter to him, he just wants to have a go at you. And you can bet a million to a gooseberry that he couldn't look an eye cross, but there's always a long-bit soldier lurking conveniently to back him up.

If he doesn't get around to having a shot at you in a pub, he will come down to the show and try to break it up. I noticed that this type of lost explosion his economic remarks during the clown sequences.

You might not something like this "It ain't a", and "Where did they die you jokers up?"

This is a common happening and the clown and the dummy have a counter for it which never fails and they shut up the post without throwing a punch. What follows is something like, then Joey will tell Tidy to get him a bucket of water and Tidy, with a perfect dead-man expression, will say "What for, Joey?"

"So we can give that dummy up there a drink," answers his audience.

The reaction from the crowd at the ring generalship of the clowns with their speedy return of wit, shuts up the post for the rest of the performance. Obviously he walks out.

Of course it is not always as easy to dispose of pugnacious characters as Tidy and Joey did. During the time I was with the circus I had and was involved in more fights than I could count.

I remember once dealing with one tough-as-nails who was an boy he would

rather die of something than cough for the outside.

He was a tall, dark bloke with aumpy face and a permanent scowl. When we were paid on Sunday, he would race up the town and stick up on corners and when he had read them he had no trouble selling those to the other tent hands for half their cost. The tent tentman was always willing him to do some work, but his request was never carried out. Instead, Purple Pans would sneak away for a read of his corner. At the pubhouse, while the rest of us loaded the truck and earned those eating boards each, Purple would move at a snail's pace with one.

Next pay day he was asked. He threw a couple of dirty blankets into a battered port and before he left he said he would get even with the circus.

What he meant wasn't even thought about. But at seven till he appeared around the lot with half a dozen tough-looking men and passed it as while we worked. Eddie the tent tentman dressed us to take no notice of him or his backers, and if they wanted a fight there would be plenty of time that night after the show. Against the ex-tent-hand's remarks was the one relating to an ad. he had put in the local paper to the effect that the circus was not worth seeing and they didn't treat their hands at all well.

It was in the second half of the show that night that the fight started. I was rolling up the tankling mat with another tenthand, when from out front we heard an agitated cry and a voice saying "Eddie, Albe, help me."

Lee and I dumped the mat just outside the ring entrance and raced

back through the ring and out front we found the big man, who also acted as ringmaster, slumped against the ticket box, dabbing at his cheek with a handkerchief, which was bloodstained. Along the dark street we heard a scattering of urgent feet.

"They look to me with terrible doubts Eddie's gone after them," one tent explained. His right cheek had a jagged gash on it and was swelling up like a stone.

Eddie was back in a few minutes, looking cross and putting band. He said "The dirty blighters got away in the dark. Down a lane somewhere. We'll look for them after."

The show couldn't and quickly enough that night, and another thing in our favour was that there was no pull-down. We were showing at seven till for two nights.

We didn't waste any time. Clowns, acrobats, were welcome, but hands, the cook and his assistant assembled inside the big top for a briefing on spotlights. We split up into two parties and moved off.

In my party was a nudist clown and acrobat who came from Adelaide. Harold Summers was his name and as he had been finished at my bottom by bottom. There wasn't much of Harold as weight either, so he covered himself with a heavy sweater.

We searched the banks of the Murray River. Then into the main street, through cafes, billiard rooms, parks and back streets. We never saw one member of the hooligans.

Back on the circus lot, we stood under the street lamp. He was had anything to say. Our friends out today came in the night air. It was past midnight then and there was no mention of ground up. Somehow we

# WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

The thought came was dory-  
ing her years  
"I've often taken for my  
daughter," said she,  
(Showing her age was one of  
her fears)  
That she looked so old she  
would not agree!  
Her companion came in with  
a smart rebuff—  
A smile on her lips, but with  
voice that was cold  
"My dear, you hardly look  
old enough  
To have a daughter who  
could be so old!"  
—A.H.B.M.

tell that it was worth while waiting and the night would not go by without some events.

The long street running up to the town was quiet. The darkness was punctuated at intervals by splashes of light from the street lamps. Then the quiet of that street added to the sound of heavy boots. We stood tense, waiting. The sound came closer and every eye was focused on the last lamp in the street. When-  
ever it was would have to turn  
either corner or come straight ahead.

In the junction pool of light on the opposite corner, a long, dark character was illuminated for a few seconds. He turned the corner and was sure again dived into the darkness. It was Purple.

We bounded off after him on top was Albe got to keep fast Purple's  
covered against a fence and when-  
purple Purple made a feeble effort  
to defend himself, but Albe stopped  
before a night to his middle and a left  
back to his jaw.

Alfie were had the lion's share of that fight and we had no further trouble in that town.

But it was at Myth, a few miles from Swan Hill, that another incident occurred and I was the target for a bang-bang. It was Saturday afternoon and Harold and I walked into a hotel. We managed to get a space at the bar, I stood while Harold sat on a high stool.

A bloke next to me was spinning a bottle, and watching me watching him, he showed me a couple of card tricks and finished his act making a pocket of cigarettes disappear.

He gave me a dig on the ribs and said: "Now buy me a drink."

"What?"

"I'd buy me a drink. I provoked the undermanned."

I ignored him and turned my back on him. Next thing I felt a dull thud across the back of my neck. I spun away from the bar and collected a punch on the neck. I walked across the floor and fell.

Harold had not deserted me while I was being attacked and what he did to help says a lot for his pluck and resource. With the spirit of a monkey he swung off the stool, made a short run and crossed the seven stone lead line into the bang-bang's middle. He doubled up with pain. Harold then pulled him under the door with his head and brought his copped hands across the back of his neck. The bang-bang vomited and fell as if he scrambled goggly to his feet and sat on a stool with his head in his hands.

Sometimes the cause of fights starts on the horse ground. By that I mean the belligerent tent head who wakes up a few and then starts looking for fights and relies on his tent

mates to help him out with them.

There was a bloke named Blue with the seven I was with, and he let it be known plainly that he was a nobody fighter. He had the back of his right and a few muscles to support his story, but I picked he was no more than a lead mouthed stooge who mingled with the crowd and spoke at least good sense with one of his mates off the board.

Blue came back on the lot one afternoon around tea time and said he knocked over a bloke up town. A couple of the locals had chased him and said they would come down in a gang to get him.

"Let Blue look after himself," and "It's nothing to do with us," were the comments tossed around. Blue was disturbed because some of us was on his side. He was in the middle of seven when we treated the tent head for an inspection. At night, when we took our places at the ring's entrance, he was missing.

The crowd went on minus a tent-head. That wasn't unusual. But Blue's run out showed him up properly.

The gang arrived all right. By then gangs, stringers, pokes and posing boards had been loaded on the trucks. The big top was just a shell.

The returning gang of about a dozen stood at the front entrance demanding Blue to show himself. Eddie told them the story but it didn't mean to sink in. We dashed from a shower of stones while the mob was advancing. It finished in a free for all. We came out on the outside side.

But that's one fight I'll never forget. I still carry the scar on my top lip, left there after a bat with a lemonsade bottle.



## HEALTH

## FACT OR FICTION?

RAT DAVIS

Is alcohol a stimulant? Is raw steak good for a black eye? Will an apple a day keep the doctor away?



RECENTLY a Dr. H. McEwen, of the American School Health Association, made the assertion that a lot of educated people believe a lot of medical "facts" which aren't facts.

He listed these things as fallacies—that alcohol is a stimulant; that water is fattening; that raw meat will reduce the swelling of a black eye; that a mother-to-be can determine her unborn child's profession by the parents she indulges in during pregnancy; that communicable diseases like TB can be inherited; that fish is a brain food.

A lot of people believe that last one. But it's a fact that in remote parts of the world where people sometimes have to subsist almost entirely on fish out of sheer necessity, they're aren't noticeably high. Fish are good food, but for the body in general.

There's that other faty fallacy—about the danger of eating fish and muffs at the same time. According to medical science, there's not the slightest danger, providing you eat slowly. And that's something you should always do.

While on the subject of milk—you have heard that it's a good idea to leave certain fruits alone when you're drinking milk? The theory is that the fruit will curdle the milk.

and play havoc with your stomach. But it's a fact that milk curdles when it reaches your stomach in any case.

Then there's the apple—here of the old saw about an apple a day keeping the doctor away. Modern doctors claim that the idea is a lot of rubbish, though most fruits taken in reasonable quantity are good for you.

That red meat which we hear is bad for blood pressure. Medical opinion now is that it doesn't make blood pressure any worse. Doctors do advise the blood pressure patient to keep away from certain foods, but they're usually those with a high proportion of salt.

You'll remember that other famous old saying about food—"Stuff a cold and starve a fever?" It seems that it can be downright dangerous to starve a fever, since fever sometimes speeds up the rate of absorption and the speed of waste must therefore be increased to keep the patient on a sound basis. You know how you feel when you've got a cold sometimes—say if you don't want to eat anything at all? According to medical science, it's often a good idea to gratify your wish, and go easy on the food.

It is a different matter with your fat friends. A lot of them like to tell you that they don't eat very much—that it's all due to glandular trouble. People do become fat because their glands are out of order, but many more put on weight because they eat too much. Just watch a fat person eat and eat! Even if he or she doesn't eat much a lot of meals, you may find that a lot of meals make up for that—water if they're partly in the form of beer.

Of course, a fat man may tell you that he needs that little relaxation from work—he doesn't want to do *damn* over-work. Experiments have proved that rest periods are a good idea, but it's also been shown that very few people do *damn* over-work. Not quite a number do from *damn* worry.

Warts were apparently prize subjects with the old wives years ago. You might remember the trouble that some of Mark Twain's boy characters went through to get rid of these warts. It involved stinks concerned with mosquitoes at midnight, and that sort of thing. And in this present day, age and country you'll find people who'll put lemon, kerosene, or dirty postcards on their warts in attempts to get rid of them.

It is conceivable that there might be some curious properties in these substances, but observations don't substantiate it. Incidentally, warts aren't caused by handling toads. And if you are really interested in getting rid of them, go to your doctor about it.

If you deal with quacks, there's always the possibility that you'll hear an experience paralleling that of the man who was given some small hard pills by a so-called herbaler. He took these pills faithfully for a long time, then abandoned them when he found they weren't doing him any good. A chemist friend offered to analyze the pills, and returned them some time later with the cheerful information that they were nothing more nor less than *Quack's* drug.

These "exposés" often do a clearing trade in apothecaries, some of which are definitely harmful. There

was the amiable old woman whose man stuck in trade was "love potion, white", and "love potion, pink". The white was used to make young women feel that a little love was a good thing, but the pink, which costs six times as much, was used to make women ruthless in their demands for love and plenty of it. The truth of the matter was that the white powder was pulverized sugar. The pink powder was pulverized sugar colored.

Then came old character who was reputed to sell a rock which would save you from drowning. Many fishermen who had bought pieces of this rock swore that it had saved them from death by drowning by simply dissolving. But then, when actually does dissolve in water. Character for whom the magic rock didn't work, naturally wasn't in a position to give any information for *Quack's* case.



There was also the old character who had a "mad spot" which, when placed on a dog's leg, was guaranteed to prevent the development of rabies.

That talisman was worthless, of course, but there are some with quite a little sense in them. It was believed for many years that sleeping in the night air would cause malaria. Of course it doesn't, but anyone with experience of malarial areas will know that malaria-carrying mosquitoes get in the more at night. No doubt people in tropical days noticed that men and women who slept outside were more prone to contract malaria.

But modern science doesn't look kindly on the blanket assertion that night winds are disease-bearing winds. Even today you'll find elderly people who are rightly insistent on closing windows at night. Of course, it's been proved that winds carry



illness which affect mothers and lay fever patients, but that anything often takes place at daylight.

Pregnancy is surrounded with numerous deeply-believed fallacies, most of them good for lay explanation in medical circles. For instance, there have been many tales of children born with unspecified birth-marks because their mothers were frightened by snakes or animals. When responsible men come to investigate these cases, they usually find that the women concerned had moved, died, or otherwise become unavailable.

Some women have gone to endless trouble to "ensure" that their children would be certain successes. You might have heard of the woman who studied music, painting, literature and kindred arts while carrying her child. The idea was that this pre-natal influence would extend to the unborn child. In due course the baby was born, and a fine healthy child he was too. When he went to school his troubles began. He apparently had talents for nothing at all, and he graduated only with the greatest difficulty. He was too backward to get a good job, and he was eventually found a job as a night watchman — a position he filled without distinction.

Neither more guilty is the practice of female relatives of a young mother in some parts of the United States, who bury the afterbirth in a flower-pot, cover it well, and plant a good crop of it. According to this theory, if the seed sprouts quickly and soon comes to maturity, the youngster will have similar swift development. The kindred subject of heredity is similarly ridden with absurd beliefs. Doctors these days are mixing these

old beliefs a sound thrashing. This is what Dr. H. Florence Dunbar, of the Department of Medicine and Psychiatry at Columbia University, has to say about the matter: "Whether what we have come to call pseudo-heredity is a matter of early weighing of structural causes and bad living from those intimately associated with the patient at infancy, or whether other factors are involved, is still a question. But the susceptibility of the young to environmental influences must be considered in any discussion of heredity or constitution."

One typical case concerned a young girl who was unable to learn to swim, and who had a deadly fear of water. Her mother didn't balk when she heard about it. According to her, the fear wouldn't be eradicated. It was hereditary. She suffered a similar fear, and so did her mother.

A psychiatrist got to work on the family. He knew that women are sometimes nervous when they bath babies. Eventually he discovered that the grandmother had been under the care of a nursemaid who wasn't too mental about the way she used a washbasin on the child, with the result that the infant had her head out of her senses occasionally. That was the start of the fear. When that infant grew up and had a baby, she unconsciously communicated her fear to her child by over-dramy admonitions in regard to water, and her daughter followed the same pattern. The psychiatrist was probably able to slay the young woman's fear following an explanation of the cause.

And so yet another health fallacy was scotched.



OUT there in that back country they'll tell you the story of Hogan's wife. You might think it's a bit fancy, but I went through there a little while ago, and I got it straight, and there's nothing fancy about it. She was all they said, that woman, and the way I tell you is the way it happened.

You know that country. With a rock and the dust takes your palate. The heat abominable. Like silk. The bones of animals lie bleaching in the sun. The people are brown and stringy and hard as the hard earth. These red cheeks speak the loneliness. Nothing much happens in there except hardship. They're born

into fire and drought and poverty. But they have no complaints. They live and they die and the church bells toll for a nobody.

When the thing happened it was not that there hadn't been any warning. Hogan's wife had heard the broadcast early that morning. It had been repeated. The man was a homicidal maniac, armed, the message said, and dangerous. He was on a foot car travelling north. Beyond a momentary interest, she had taken little notice.

When the sharp crack sounded she ran to the window. Suddenly she stood in horror, her dark eyes staring, her body stiff, then

rolling into a fit of weeping. Her older son, Jimmy, lay on the ground, still. She could see his open eyes and the red patch forming over his face. Her little son clucked at her dress, crying out, "Jimmy's dead!"

He was about to run outside when his mother clutched his shoulder and pulled him back.

"Stay! Stay!" she said.

The radio police message hit her now with its true impact. The sentences, the words, pumped into her eardrums, quivered there, fled, returned. "Armed", "Dangerous", "Blonde".

She called to her son lying on the dark ground. There was no response. She was numb, dead-struck, horrified—remembering how only a few minutes ago Jimmy had gone out of the house, towards a cart made of boxes and prison wheels; he had been laughing and joking and joking excitedly how he hoped his father wouldn't forget to bring home the boxing gloves he had promised.

And Hogan's wife had been joyful, too—fervently proud that at last after four months' absence Joe was coming home from the shambles. The Joe with his hungry arms about her, and his teasing raps, his fevered nostrils burning with passion, his frame, his voice and his rowdy laughter filling the house.

She cried a bit then. But she was not a woman to let her grief and shock cloud her reason, or drive her into hysterical destruction. She had suffered too much for that. This was the woman who bore her second child in a palloping alley on a bareness night, who when her third child died in infancy took the tiny body, placed it in a frail box, and buried it herself. Before she had

children she wept it with Big Joe wherever he went on his work.

Holding the little boy not to show himself—he was crying, still, with the shock in his eyes of seeing his brother lying there so lifeless—Hogan's wife put the hat she wore, one of her husband's, on a stick and slowly advanced it toward the back. The stick was jerked out of her hand, and the hat went spinning.

"Get back, right inside, Allan!"

She looked shudderingly at the path and the two bundles, tied up, containing the things they needed for the journey.

"What'll we go to our Aunt Katie's now?" the boy asked. His mother, strong dumbly, did not reply, and he began to cry. She took him up on her hip.

"Yes, yes, of course we will go, in a little while. You are a silly boy to be crying." She smiled sadly, for she could see the boy's terror and nervousness. "Do you think we would disappoint Aunt Katie?"

"What'll the bad man shoot Jimmy for?" he interrupted.

"Especially," she murmured, "we're going to stay there for a few days so you can have lots of fun on the farm. And won't Daddy going to meet us there and bring us home? We wouldn't want to disappoint him, would we?"

"No fear," the boy said.

"Well, now show this you cry. You be a little man, and your mamma will take you to Aunt Katie's."

She had been going the previous day, but had decided for no reason to wait until that afternoon. Had she gone, some of the world have hap-

pened, she would not be in this frightening predicament. But she was not to know. Her eyes were useless.

The little boy looked at her. "What about Jimmy? Will he come, too?"

"Yes, Jimmy will come, too."

"But he's dead."

"Yes," said Hogan's wife, "but don't you think about it. You sit down there and be a good boy and don't worry. Your mamma has to think."

Humbly, she felt the temptations of her grief and terror, but she was too hardened to act foolishly. She was Hogan's wife, and he was greatest in a common way, and she was as big a woman as he was man. She had the same cool courage and untroubled temperament as a man.

She took the rifle from the corner, but even before she looked she knew the breach was empty. There was no ammunition in the house. She went to the wardrobe in her room, thinking there might be a cartridge left in the shotgun. There was none. She looked at the side wall, at an array of mirrors, patches, baggages, machines and all the other bric-a-brac of war—all the trophies Big Joe had garnered in New Guinea and the Middle East and home proudly and rumbustiously home. Not one of them made an effective weapon for her.

She looked out along the darkness and then clanked the hall. Nothing moved on it except the dust eddies. It never occurred to God-forsaken. The children had never entered an avenue. What help, if any, would come?

The morning went and time crept onward to late afternoon.

Hogan's wife sat there dumbly. The little boy, Allan, had gone to sleep

She had forced him to take sleep. She went to the window again for the hundredth time, and called to the prison force "Jimmy?"

There was no answer, and she sat down again on the old bed. She had already experienced once more to test if the killer was still watching the house. She had wound a handkerchief around a bundle of clothes. The first bullet whined past it. The second drilled it as clean as if it had been her own head.

The killer was sure there in the dark on the wall. He never took his eyes off the house. He was waiting for another object to fit against the hole of his rifle. With cold deliberation and a wicked sort of his lip as though he were experimenting hated pests, he would gather the living thing into his sights and fire.

Hogan's wife now knew, now that in her mind, as clearly as if the man were visible and a yard from her.

She knew they were trapped, with death surely choosing the moment to strike. It would be suicide to attempt to bring in Jimmy. It was impossible to get away in any direction. A few yards and they would be shot like animals. If they went out through the back of the house, and worked away, holding it between them and the killer—even that was too risky. They couldn't hope to gain any cover before the perspective descended, and he saw them. Also, he might change his angle.

"We've trapped to die," she told herself, occupied by her helplessness. "But, no, it can't be. It's all so crazy."

She tried to reason. Early that morning when the children were playing around the house there had been no trouble. The killer, perhaps,

had not been there then. Perhaps he had been asleep. How had he known the place was haunted? Perhaps he had seen them, but had decided with deliberate calmness to wait until they should reappear and seek them off at his leisure.

But now, since he had shot Jimmy, he must realize he had given his work away. Why didn't he come down to the house and shoot them? Perhaps he was wounded and could not move. Where was the car? Had it broken down, leaving him stranded? Had there been an accident? Was he, this strange, sick creature, lying there exposed, waiting for death, but retaining his last fire with fate, satisfying every whim of hatred in him? Or, perhaps he feared she was armed, and would not therefore approach on the face of certain death. But and

true, her mission involved this mission into a conviction. She felt it was the reason he did not come to kill her.

Then she remembered. Her eyes lit with a new hope. She went into the bedroom and forced up a floor-board. Into the dark cavern, where she could see nothing, she thrust her hand and brought out an oval metal object. She searched for more, but there were none.

Hagen's wife blessed her husband. He did he know, she thought, when he said that hiding place to save the more dangerous of his war-lilies that one day the finding of a lone bomb there would mean like a miracle of God.

The grenade was some protection. It was like a threat, as if her husband had been there to comfort and

nurture her. She remembered the scared way she watched him as he pulled the gun, and laughingly barred the deadly bolt; how it burnt on the sides in a shower of sparks and with a noise that made her shiver. Two bombs. But Joe had tossed off like that just to show her how it was done.

Hagen's wife went back into the room. The little boy was awake, looking out of the window.

"Mamma," he cried. "Jimmy. He moved!"

She went to the window. She saw first like starting in her son. She cried out: "Jimmy, he still lies still, my dear son, for your life, he still."

She saw the boy's eyelids flickering. She kept telling him to be still. She saw his non-understanding, his curiosity, but as she cried out in anguish he was obedient.

"Jimmy," she kept her voice down. "Jimmy, he kept her voice down. 'You are all right!'"

"Yes," and the boy, lying still and flat. "I think so. But my head aches terribly."

Hagen's wife, now with hope re-surfaced, began to plan simply and calmly. There only chance to get away was after dark. The killer must realize that. He certainly would not let them escape. After dark, too, was the only safe time for him to approach the house, as long as he thought she was armed. He would wait as time. As soon as the night covered him he would move on them swiftly.

The night deepened, and the woman waited. Straining her eyes she was at last certain she saw the dark bulk come down towards the house. She waited. He moved cautiously, but Hagen's wife heard him, the light stuff of his boots. She knew

all the sounds of her own earth, and to see an alien's feet were clumsy.

As the killer approached, he heard a woman sing a haunting and beautiful melody. It was clear, sweet. He relaxed slightly. The woman was putting her child to sleep. There was no danger for her, she must be thinking. Or did she hope to touch his heart? She was singing as if she were safe and carefree.

The woman must have thought something like that, as Hagen's wife had designed, for he did not hurry around the house, but creaked through the front door, and towards the room where the voice was. In the feeble light of the hurricane lantern, he looked wild and haunted. He raised his rifle, holding it at hip level, and looked open the door, shouting: "I'll get him to sleep forever, and you, too!"

He did not see the grenade, could not see it fly through the open window. In a thunderous roar and a coloured flash the house burst under and flames began to lick up, burning themselves, gurgled at the bellows of smoke and dust.

"That is the end of him," said Hagen's wife, standing with her arm on the cool air. "He is gone."

"Our gramophone, it's gone, too," and the little boy, "and now we won't have any more music."

"Yes we will, my baby!" and Hagen's wife. "We'll have the finest gramophone in the world. We'll get the mare and put her in the stable and go to Austin Kater's straight-away, and we'll have— We'll have—"

She started to wrap Out of pay for Joe, the man he was and the way he talked, and because he built the house that she destroyed.

That was Hagen's wife.



"If you won't marry me, darling, then I don't want to live."

# CAVALCADE



## HOME OF THE MONTH

No. 5

ARCHITECT: EYA BUHRICH, Dipl. Arch.

PLANNED for a young couple or even a bachelor who prefers to do his own house-keeping this home fits on one of the sloping lots so common in Sydney.

The long stretched-out living-dining-kitchen area has a glass wall that makes it appear larger than it is. For economy's sake fixed glass with stock-

size French doors for ventilation is used. If further ventilation is required the bottom panels could be made to slide.

A wide roof overhang shades the glass wall which would ideally face north to get all the winter sunshine and none of the summer sun. The visitor enters through a small hall

with free-standing coat cupboard.

Another economic feature, suitable for a small household, is the combination of bathroom and laundry. As building regulations don't permit a toilet in a bathroom that contains washing equipment a separate toilet has been provided. A door leads from the bathroom straight to the drying area.

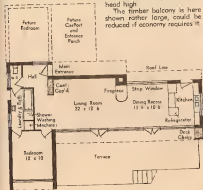
The bedroom is small but

could be enlarged if space were available. Built-in wardrobes have been omitted for economy's sake but could be included. A second bedroom with access to the hall and bathroom could be added later.

At the same time an open carport, also serving as front porch, could be added unless garage facilities were available elsewhere.

The projecting fireplace is the main feature of the living room. Furniture between kitchen and dining area could be either counter-high or door-head high.

The timber balcony is here shown rather large, could be reduced if economy requires it.





#### SOUND CORNERS

It has happened at least A mile which can shoot around corners has been invented. It has two barrels, each going in the opposite direction. The barrels run parallel to within a few inches of the muzzle, then turn at right angles to one another. That that is not all. The rifle is fitted with a built-in switch, thermometer, weather-vane and mirror. Also, there are spectacles for better vision, and a compass. Now we have some everything.

#### NIGHT MAIL

A new invention from America will save many troubles among nocturnal correspondents. It is a "train"—like a gas flat run. It is loaded with rails. To operate, the trigger is pressed, the flat and slides down to position, you then hammer it into place and go on to the next part where you want to put a rail.

#### HIGH-HEARTED

There is a butcher in Brazil who has two hearts. That is not all he has that is unusual, he also possesses 30 wives and 40 children. At least, they were the figures at the last count. The butcher's name is Grenda.

Madrid, and he has been offered \$225 to bequeath his body to a medical school for post mortem studies. Madrid is 33 years of age and he says that when one of his hearts stops beating the other will carry on.

#### THE KIND WORD

Police in Mexico Corner, South Carolina, U.S.A., thought they would deal in kind words with traffic offenders, instead of enforcing the law. But it didn't work out, so the police put up the notice, "We have tried everything we know, including repeated warnings. Now all we can do is enforce the law."

#### SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

The Bard of Avon wrote, "What's in a name?" Well, maybe he would know. But the names of the Indian delegates to the Commonwealth Relations Committee in London in Sir Tirthalinghdeo Vajraprasadwarshi says. We would like to page him. While on earth, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rhodes of New Orleans, had a son, and, unable to think of a name for him, they placed an ad in the local paper, asking for suggestions.



## WINDSHIPS WENT TO WAR

When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, the old game for ships—was wind-powered.

A GAMBLING ship sailed to war and rest for time in the last, lately reaches of the vast South Atlantic at the hands of a Man with-a-under.

That's the story of the great Star of Scotland, one of the few sailing ships to see service in World War II and one of the very few to be sunk by enemy action.

Built in 1827 as the *Kennelworth*, this adventurous ship of chance was originally a magnificent four-mast bark that rocked with the fastest ships of her time. Speedy passages she made across the seas, but her grace and speed counted for naught as steam gradually replaced wind-power and the *Kennelworth*,

freighter once of tea, wool and the rapid products of the Scottish loom, was sold to the Alaska Packers Association for their fleet of sea-aid square riggers that loaded up with cannery workers each spring and sailed from France to Alaska for the salmon pack. They named her *Star of Scotland* in keeping with the graceful "Star" name given to all of their ships.

But that was only a temporary respite for the aging windship and when the Association sold their sailing fleet in the 1890's the *Star of Scotland* became a gambling ship, was renamed the *Elva*, and catered to patrons of chance at an anchorage off San Pedro, California. Fortune

were won and left on her decks on her slowly diminished debris by a scattered clientele who were brought out to the floating cauldron by speedy motor launches from the California shore.

Then came Pearl Harbour . . . the acquisition of U.S. merchant shipsport by the government . . . tremendous losses in tonnage and the unmet demand for bottoms. Ships was the cry! Ships of any kind, Freight or war went sky high and the big sea-master, idling his time away in a useless occupation, attracted the eye of some shipping man who knew as soon as they saw him that here was a vessel still good for the war.

Changing owners again, the Rec went into dry dock, where they stripped the taken timbers on her bottom, replaced the sheathing, renewed her rubber coverings, rigged on her heavy steps and thrusts to support the tail mast, and gave her a new coat of paint as a submarine instead of a bark.

A call to the island's living hell in San Pedro brought some veteran seafarers, a couple who had sailed in the Star in her earlier days. Down the harbour she went at the end of a towage, her sails were hoisted to the boom, and off she heaved through the long walls for Aberdeen, Washington where they loaded her with rough lumber. Two million feet of it was stowed in her hold.

There wasn't much loading here when she was finally loaded and with the timber sailing away and pumpout under decks, they walked her capstan round, started home her sails and headed out for the long haul toward the Horn.

The long haul toward Cape Horn to Cape Town was made in 133 days, after which the Star discharged her lumber and lay at anchor for many weeks because of charter complications. One fair day, however, Captain Constantin Flink finally got his affairs squared away, took in the cable, and set out for Rio de Janeiro as follows:

Ten days later the graceful old windship was running across the South Atlantic before a squalling breeze from dead ast, the big boom straining the sheets till they cracked in the blocks and the huge spread of canvas drawing taut as the sharp bow of her sliced the waves like a clipper and threw white water splashing round the bowsprit.

All was not so except the big water pit, which measured 125 feet on the beam and was not up because it blanketed the following square sail on the foremast to make a better By the ship's chronometer right they were 28 3/4 S latitude, 4 3/4 E longitude, 183 miles from the nearest land.

It was then that a German submarine crossed the Star of Scotland's path, homeward bound, as the latter would have, back to France after a long voyage.

The skipper had just finishing working out his morning position when the man at the wheel reported seeing something on the port quarter.

The skipper got his glasses and was trying to spot the object when the first shot whistled over, clearing the masthead.

Several more shots came over in quick succession, a couple of them splashing in the water ahead and the other crashing squarely amidships as the Germans got the range. Captain Flink saw at once that there

was nothing to do but abandon ship, but as a shipowner pressing along under pressing canvas this was no simple matter of turning a throttle and stopping the propeller.

All hands were at deck now, as Captain Flink ran down the fore-deck, shouting commands to take it easy.

"Get in that foremast, cut her down if you have to . . . take that across off her nose . . . Let go your helmsman on the port."

He faced some of the lines himself as more shells came over, landing on the forward deck house and making it highly dangerous to try to let go the big squaresail on the foremast. While he considered the chances of getting forward, still another shell hit the deck beam, this one crashing a tank that held 400 gallons of gasoline, setting it instantly afire and spreading the flames rapid forward to the foremast and ast to the midthings hatch as flames shot skyward up the main.

It was time to "leave her Johnny, leave her!"

In the excitement of getting away as quickly as possible from the shells the crew leaved the boat and pushed away from the vessel's side without waiting for the main or for the skipper, who had gone below for his pocket and some other necessities. Mr. German, the mate, slid down the falls in an attempt to drop into the boat before it pushed off from the ship's side but he missed the try and fell from the lines into the sea. The ship was making several knots at this time and while the mate was in the boat tried to save him, Captain Flink was left behind to launch the remaining boat himself, a feat that is a job for two and a most

difficult effort for a lone man on an unfortified ship. The fore and main masts were hoisted through, crashing onto the deck and the hull-works as he hurried to get away from the submarine before the bottom-most masts also went by the board.

The mate was soon swept astern and although they threw him a life ring when he appeared for a second in the jaws of the submarine's wash, he sank under a heavy swell before he could reach it and was never seen again—the only one of the 18 men crew to be lost.

About twenty shots had been fired, most of them hitting the ship, before the mate decided to let the flames have their way and scoured his gun. And as the Star of Scotland had now slowed down and lost most of its way, the submarine moved up beside Captain Flink's boat and ordered him on board, where the German commander interrogated him in very good English.

"Good day, Captain," he said. "I am sorry to think you I was treated as well myself . . . I am an admirer of sailing ships. A beauty, but it is over."

Captain Flink passed off his burning vessel while the German continued his questions, all in good English.

"Where are you bound, Captain?" I see that you are too light for cargo —no doubt you brought lumber to Cape Town, is it not correct?"

As the youthful commander continued his questioning there on the U-boat's deck, he seemed intent on taking Captain Flink to Germany, an indication that the big submarine was probably returning to Bremerhaven or a French base after crossing off the South American coast.

After some earnest argument, the Star of Scotland's master convinced the Germans that the survivors would probably be lost if he was not in the boat to help them navigate, an argument that eventually persuaded the Germans to let him go. He did, however, make Captain Flank promise, as a condition of his release, not to sail on a ship carrying supplies to be used against Germany—and this promise was kept. For Flank confirmed his promises during the balance of the way to merchant vessels bound for Pacific fighting fronts. Captain Flank also had to surrender his watch, glasses, two guns and some clothing before being allowed to depart in the lifeboat.

The U-boat then towed the lifeboat around for a while as a frustration switch for the missing men and, before making off the towline, the captain dangled three cans of pemmican bread to make up for some lifeboat supplies which had become waterlogged.

While the proud old woodpecker became completely enveloped by flames the gunners on the U-boat put fifteen more shells in him. The captain looked at his watch as the boat went down slowly—almost defiantly—by the head. It was just 4:10 p.m., almost eight hours after the first shot was fired.

Better stocked with supplies than most impounded crews, the men had ample stores for a long voyage under the circumstances. A check of provisions showed that they had twenty pounds of butter (a dubious asset in an unrefrigerated lifeboat), of oatmeal, twenty pounds of liver cheese, two cans of sweet milk, four

cans of condensed milk, two cans of apricots, twenty pounds of biscuits and the three cans of beer provided by the sub.

The skipper then made a rather schedule for the trip, allowing each of the sixteen men an ash and a half of water each day from a tin can, plus an inch of canned blue-worm and half an apricot. Wagering the crew that he could get them to land in twenty days, he set a course for the coast of Africa, which seemed at the moment half the world away. The wind was fresh southeasterly, and signing some and on several cans to take advantage of it, they headed the small craft as near an easterly course as the breeze would allow.

When the tin of powdered milk gave out and waters grew clearer their diet was supplemented by flying fish, those graceful denizens of the waves (includes that have saved many a shipwrecked man from starvation by skimming over the water and landing into the boat).

Fair winds held for the Star of Scotland's men throughout the trip and Captain Flank made his landfall on the eighteenth day, forty-eight hours earlier than had been expected. They had logged 1000 miles when Robert Kennedy, an AD from New York City, caught a shadowy line on the horizon which, an hour or so later, proved to be the distant coast of Africa.

"It sure did look wonderful," says AE Kennedy. "It looked just like heaven."

Five days' restlessness still remained when the Star of Scotland's survivors pulled their sturdy whaleboat up on the beach near Algiers. They were taken to Casp Town and from there repatriated to the United States.

# FAME CAME EASILY



How it should had happened, that Henry Miller and captain took three fish and more pemmican, oatmeal, beer and were arrested on the coast of Africa, but he didn't get out.

In a pleasant cool valley, high on the mountain side, a sparkling creek gurgled its attention to the weary traveller to drink. A man stood on front of a tent, pitched on the creek bank; he gave perfunctory expression to three men who seemed to be doing the work of timber-getters.

Matthew Miller, rising from his peepering sheep skin at Popocatepetl, and bent on a holiday in Durango, took the short cut over the bush-clad Mount Maunapetl. He decided to water his horse at the creek. The three supposed timber-getters rushed him as soon as his horse

dipped its nose in the cooling water. Before Miller could jump his mount away, one man had gripped his left leg, leaving him from the saddle on the off side, where another waited to drag him to the ground while the third gripped the bridle of the startled horse. Miller stared up from his prone position to the black hair of a guard, stared between his eyes.

The men at the tent stood watching, nodding his head with obvious approval, while his men allowed Miller at his holiday spending money. Having done so, they manacled him into the bush and tied him to a tree.

A plane passenger sat looking out of the window when suddenly he saw a parachute pass him. "Go up to join me!" called the parachutist. "No, thanks," shouting the passenger. "I'm quite happy here." The parachutist shouted back. "Just as you like, I'm the pilot."

Henry Garrett, pronounced by many to be the star of the bushranger movement of New Zealand, had claimed his first victim at the spot which was to become known as Sticking Up Gully. The date was October 24, 1881.

Garrett worked on a system that paid dividends on that day. He left one man to guard Miller and subsequent captives; he left the three "bushy parties" carrying on their apparently useful occupation; he, himself, continued to hide in front of the tent, while he sent two more men down the track to where it joined the Gabriella Gully to Dunedin road. These last were to post out the advantages of the short cut to travellers, most of whom would be coming from the districts with gold in their pockets.

Some victims fought strenuously, while some submitted quietly to the inevitable. Some had little opportunity to fight. Garrett seldom en-

tered a lodging-house keeper, Maloney, into the tent for a parakeet of tea, and while he held the victor's interest one of his men jabbed a pistol into his back.

By the end of the day, Garrett had taken four hundred pounds from fifteen victims, all of whom were tied to trees under guard. He was affable and friendly throughout, he joked with his prisoners, and he filled and lit their pipes for them. His gang rode off at night, leaving their hold-up to the trees.

Then held-up as Garrett's skills to fame in New Zealand, for his other bushranging activities across the Tasman were noticed and recorded little publicly. He was born in England in 1812 and transported to Norfolk Island for a murderous attack, as a young soldier, on an officer. From this "Hell of the Pacific" he was released in Robert Town in 1834. He landed in New Street, en route for the golden promise of Ballarat, in Victoria.

Garrett, himself, made alone to a part in the piracy of the "Wahine" in Port Phillip Bay but no other records support him. In Ballarat, he organized a gang of four and staged a bank robbery with collected guns. They are reported to have taken £14,000 in notes and three hundred ounces of gold.

For that one Victorian exploit, Garrett must be ranked high among the criminals of the day. Garrett made no attempt to cash his share of the bank notes. But as a consequence did and was arrested. He confessed, and the trail of the leader led a detective to England. He arrested Garrett, who was passing in a public man of means and living in luxury near Oxford. Garrett made his way

and journey to Australia from the land of his birth as convict, he was sentenced to two years penal servitude in the hulks.

"Captain Midnight", the Claude served of Victorian bushrangers, was serving part of his thirty-two years' penal servitude on the hulk "Barracouta", off Williamstown, near Melbourne, at that time in captivity, he was degenerated into a fever insurance and expressed a desperate attempt to escape on one of the boats used to transport convicts from the hulk to the gaolhouse, where they laboured during the day.

Warder Owen was murdered, and one convict killed by gunfire from the ship, before the escape was thwarted. Records do not disclose whether Garrett took part in the attempt, but Burgess later confessed that he had murdered Owen. Burgess was one of Garrett's gang at Sticking Up Gully. He was hanged later for another hold-up on similar lines, where five victims were murdered in one day. Kelly and Sullivan also took part in both hold-ups, Kelly being hanged with Burgess (self-confessed murderer of eight men), while Sullivan was shipped out of New Zealand, his reward for Queen's Evidence.

Garrett did play a part, though only as one of the mob, in another organized meeting on the Slocrore in March, 1882. John Price, the terror of Norfolk Island convicts, had become Inspector-General of Prisons in Victoria. He was brave, of Irishish, when, on suspecting the hulk, he left his guards well back, while he moved freely among the convicts.

Price was the most hated man by the convict population of Australia. Melville Captain Midnight's was

nevertheless directed the attack. Many weapons were stolen smuggled aboard from the quarry. Dozens of these pelted down on the head of the victim, and then, rock-battered by the "Sydney", punched the body to the deck, where boots dealt the final death blow.

The thrust for vengeance was slaked by death, the mob submitted quietly under the threat of guns. Garrett escaped the harsher penalty, the main evidence against him being that he was one of the closest to Price when the officer fell. Others were sentenced to death, seven others at rope's end, seven were reprieved. Midnight shouted the official penalty by strangling himself in his cell.

Thereafter, Garrett became a model prisoner, earning his ticket of leave in 1881. He "jumped" the salary of Victoria, finding passage to New Zealand, where he headed for the gold of Gabriel's Gully. He decided promptly to dig for it with a pistol. Sticking Up Gully bore his first, and last, major effort in that direction.

After the hold-up, Garrett rode directly to Dunedin and caught a boat for Sydney. He was at one when the police arrested the victim's guard, Anderson, who got three years, and he was delivered to Sydney when Kelly and Burgess brought a shooting without down police hunters. They were not charged with the hold-up, but with shooting at a policeman.

Garrett was arrested in Sydney with one of the stolen watches in his possession. It earned him an eight years sentence. With Burgess abetting him, Garrett attempted a meeting on the lines of those he had participated in at Norfolk Island and on



the Bureau. It failed, as violence became nearly total.

Thereafter, after profiting by his Victorian experience, Garrett turned model prisoner and, more than that, one professing a deep religious feeling. He put such a good face on his "reformation" that he attracted prisoners, if misguided, professors in his case. They were here a reprieve and release. In Dunedin, he set himself up as a local preacher, building up a reputation as an eloquent preacher, for good works, and for piety.

He apparently prospered in his new field, but, during that time, the Dunedin police were greatly troubled and criticized about a series of burglaries, which they had failed to pin on anyone. It was not until the proprietor of a meat store walked into his shop one night that the mystery was solved. He caught the renowned burglar, self-banded, and Garrett went back to goal under sentence of two years on each of two charges.

For this, his fourth term as a convict, Garrett abandoned violence, maintaining that routine of piety and decency that had won him early release on two prior sentences. He wrote extensively, contributing his views of crime to the current system.

In this respect he was walking a parallel path to Andrew George Scott, who, during his first term of imprisonment for bank robbery at Epsom, near Ballarat, at first behaved with manual violence, and then reformed. He was released. He embarked on a burglary tour, blaming the "System", but abandoned it for the more profitable, if more hazardous, trade of bushranger, under the name-de-guerre of Captain Monahan. He was hanged in Sydney after

surrender to the police on the "Battle of Werrisbeebery".

Garrett, however, had abandoned the way of crime, of necessity, since he was in confinement. He was unfortunate in some of his examples of victims of the "System".

Moreton, with eight murders, one before he was transported first for petty theft, was typical. His accomplice, Kelly, belonged to a family of criminals, one, at least, being hanged for a bushranger murder on the Darling Downs, in Victoria.

In the Clarke Brothers, Garrett was equally unfortunate, for, before Tom Clarke "turned out", neither he, nor his two brothers associating with him to make them the terror of the Monaro, had been in goal, with one minor exception. Tom spent a few days in Broadwood lock-up, after voluntarily surrendering to the police for the theft of a horse for which the police had no record. He made a good-break and became one of Australia's wild colored boys some while.

Looking back on Garrett's record, it seems apparent that his claim to fame as the one bushranger of New Zealand has little to support it in criminal acts in New Zealand. It reads on petty theft, goal violence, and one minor case of highway robbery under arms. That minor case was overshadowed by the utter horror of five murders in one day staged by Moreton, Kelly and Sullivan under the leadership of a "china shen", Lacy.

But, Garrett did get much more publicity, and most of it was from the pen of Garrett. He died a free man, but with his story of ill-fare self-published, at Lyttelton, at the age of seventy-five.



LESTER KAY

## EVEN THE BIG SHOTS FALL

It was all conducted with the utmost secrecy, the experiment—and its consequences—were a secret of the secret.



The building was not large, it was about the size of a cottage, while its dimensions, and the arrangement of its rooms, failed to fit the design of any residence ever known. Nor was it a good building. It was being thrown together without thought of architectural beauty or durability, or anything that anyone could imagine. It was completed about the middle of August, and neither the workmen who built it, nor the people who saw it being built, could even guess at its purpose.

Truck-loads of cases began to arrive. They were carried into the place with attentive care. The unloading was supervised by a tall, husky German in his late thirties, and by a lovely young blonde. The tall man rarely spoke; his face was

always a blank mask, and he issued orders curtly. He got rid of the cases as quickly as possible, and none in the neighborhood, or in the Ministry, knew him, none, that is, except one top official and the Minister himself.

One or two top officials knew that his name was Hermann Merselot, and that the girl was said to be his niece, but from the time the cases arrived with their double contents, till September 3, 1931, the building remained closed and locked, and Merselot remained inside with his blonde assistant.

Then, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, a procession of thirteen cars arrived at the make-shift building. They carried politicians and some of the richest men in Germany, tycoons of the big coal and steel monopolies and bankers.

As soon as the company was inside, the doors were securely locked, and all the windows were shuttered. Merselot led them lightly to the central part of the building, and they stood on a platform overlooking a small, but ingeniously designed, chemical laboratory. They looked down on a mass of colored glass tubes, and at huge glass phials, with a miniature electric furnace at its heart. The furnace was already glowing in a white heat, and the girl was busy with an array of scientific instruments.

Merselot allowed each of the visitors to examine the substance with which he was to charge the robot. Each guest satisfied himself that the material was, in fact, a very common, and cheap, coal derivative. Then Merselot and the girl put on gas-masks, and commenced the great experiment. The group of million-

aires watched, and held their breath.

The progress of the experiment was spectacular. There was at first a soft hissing sound which rose to a roar. Multi-colored fumes began to ooze through the glass tubes, glowing like opals. In response to each rook from Merselot, the girl fed small quantities of other substances to the furnace from time to time, and the glowing masses crept along the glass rods, filled giant phials, forced themselves up into narrow coils, and finally the spectacular smoke of gas returned to the furnace.

There was a muffled report that shook the building. In the next instant, Merselot jerked down a switch and, out of the power to the furnace.

The privileged spectators leaned forward eagerly while Merselot and his niece crypted the contents of the robot onto a marble-topped table. They did it very carefully, and then removed their masks. The machine was a powder-blue, silver-white dust, and Merselot beckoned the group to the table. They stood close around it, waiting while the girl asked the dust through a fine filter. In the dust was a small diamond.

The company went to another room, leaving the blonde girl to clean up the laboratory. The city's leading judge of jewels was summoned, and looked in with the consulted company. He was shown the diamond. Was it a genuine diamond? Did it differ in any way from other diamonds he sold?

The expert declared emphatically that it was a diamond of great quality. It was too small to be of any value, but its quality was excellent. He was deceived without being told the origin of the stone. There was

IN the late summer of 1931, residents of Bonn, Germany, whose duties took them past the offices of the Ministry of Economy, were puzzled by a new building that was being erected on a vacant lot near it. The vacant lot belonged to the Ministry, and building operations were being pushed on hurried basis. Employees of the Ministry knew nothing about it, and they could think of no reason for the new building, or for the panic haste of the operations. A few top officials had scraps of information, but only scraps, only enough to excite more curiosity.

one more question, and Meisels answered it with brusque confidence.

"The diamond is small," he said. "It is small because this laboratory is only a model; the experiment was on a small scale, its purpose was to prove my discovery. Give me the proper equipment, and I'll produce bigger diamonds."

After what they had seen, the tycoons were sold. They were ready to arrest, and they did, in the case of a million marks.

The story of Meisels's discovery was as exciting as the experiment itself. A business expert named Ernst Werner had been visiting Berlin. At his hotel in the Western sector, he was told by a visitor of a brilliant Berlin engineer who had patented a process by which diamonds could be re-manufactured from the by-products of coal. His name was Hermann Meisels; he was an Italian, closely guarded, but he was anxious to offer his discovery to the Bonn authorities.

Werner was a close friend of a high official in the Ministry of Economics; so Werner flew to Bonn and told his friend.

The Ministry saw the great possibilities in the discovery, and brought Meisels out. The matter was kept a close secret until Meisels had everything ready to prove his claim.

And now it was proved, the material was diamond, the diamond he produced was a pure diamond. The elite group sat around a table in that make-shift building formed themselves into a company on the spot. It was later registered as the HAMMAG Company. It had a large capital.

The only other person taking into

the company was Hermann Alts, who controlled finances in the Bonn Government. Meisels was established in a full-scale laboratory in the French zone of Germany, and left alone.

The affair remained a tight secret. Though the company was registered, its name was listed in terms so general that they gave no hint of its real purpose. In spite of which the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany heard about it. He summoned Richard, the Minister of Economy in the West German Government, to his headquarters. He told Richard all the essential details of the secret enterprise and then demanded that Meisels be transferred to the American zone. He argued that the Germans couldn't possibly finance it adequately; it needed American capital, he said, and he offered twenty million dollars on condition that he was given control of operations.

Richard hedged. He protested that it was too intricate all along to protect the enterprise in the American jurisdiction, but only after it became a going concern.

The Americans had fabulous offers for the purchase of the scheme, but refused to negotiate until the enterprise had become a going concern. Until they were seen-producing diamonds of commercial value, they weren't prepared to make a deal. Security on Meisels's work was so strict that a powerful armed guard surrounded the building where Meisels worked, accompanied him when he went out, and guarded his residence night and day.

Hermann Meisels lived for a year in the constant company of armed guards and police dogs. The tycoons and government big shots poured out

their money, supplying everything that Meisels ordered. A year was a long time to wait for results, however, and, when none came, officials commenced further enquiries about Meisels's past — and they got answers.

One day in October, 1933, the police who were guarding Meisels suddenly got orders to arrest him.

Richard had learned that Hermann Meisels was a fraud. He was neither an engineer nor a scientist. He had been a policeman, had done time for embezzling, had become a private detective and had used that occupation as a cover for burglary. He had served eighteen months for that crime.

The beautiful "niece" was another paid-hack, and she was the brains behind the fraud. The diamond that came out of the retort on September 2, 1934, had been tucked under her

finger-nail until it was time to let it drop into the filter. It had been so simple!

Centuries before that, Chaucer had bewitched people by similar means. *Salut-Groisneux*, another go-between, wore huge diamonds which he claimed to have made himself. Many celebrated alchemists, from the Middle Ages onward, bewitched gullible innocents with the same trick, even Edgar Wallace wrote a book based on a modern version of the old trick. But it remained for a shabby house-breaker and his shop-worn doctress to put that success fraud over on a national scale that aroused international interest.

The German court that tried Meisels gave him only a year. They couldn't be too hard on him, he had given Germany its best laugh since the war.



# The Jealous Lovers

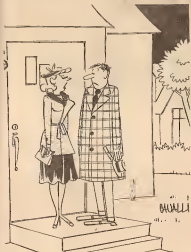


Below: Yes, Rod is a dancing teacher and just to keep an eye on him Dale is needed on a page! Here is the way, stars of meeting your sweet take orders from you. Overleaf: Cole does a high kick in the high-spot number of Lou Waller's show. With such an exponent of the can-can you can understand why Rod keeps an eye on his wife.



## of Broadway

Below: Dale Strong finishes a solo number Rod, for a dance routine. The two are professional and their husband is Broadway's "Jealous Lover." Above: you can understand where you know that Rod is Dale's husband.



*"Well, goodnight, Richard. And don't worry about my headache — I'm probably just hungry."*



## WHO KILLED MY WIFE?

PETE sat on his favorite rear stool in the Blue Lamp and topped the Gibson cocktail his favorite bartender brought him. He was thinking of Blaise, a million years gone now, a million years, seven or eight decades back and a baker's-dozen bewitched bartenders.

The one said "I'm gonna leave you now, Mr. Luckless. Split! Split tonight!" He stripped off his apron. "Unfinished business, Jerry? Blonde or brunette?"

Jerry grinned, watching Mr. Gambler at the other end of the bar. Then he shrugged.

Pete played with the change from a five, his mind, unappetizingly, still on

Blaise. The divorce had been final a week ago. Today his bank told him she'd cashed the draft for twenty-five thousand. That ended it, completed the divorce settlement, and left Pete with the medals and dimes he'd started with. Well, there'd been at least a year they lived each other.

He looked up, surprised to find that Garrigan had moved his drunk down the bar to join him. Garrigan had an office on Pete's floor, they'd drunk together before, but there was something jarring about Garrigan. Making Pete was sure of—just that Garrigan was too smooth—and too fat.

Pete wouldn't be paid back in the same coin—no, she had to change him into a top-squart

FICTION

"I just got a haul in the cocktail parlor, Luckless. Come on with me. It's always easier to break away if there's two of you."

"Why go at all?" Pete said unappetizingly. He felt like he needed a lunch.

"She's a client of mine." He stressed slowly, reminding Pete of a performing seal. "Got to keep 'em happy."

Pete watched the new bartender holding down Jerry's station. He was the early one, who made weak Gibsons.

Pete was suddenly impelled with unaccountable bartenderism. "Let's go then," he decided out loud.

They knocked again, louder, at the fourth floor apartment. Pete laughed easily. "Quiet, for a party," he said to Garrigan. "Sure it's the right night!"

Garrigan examined his watch. "Yeah, maybe." He pulled out a key and looked at Pete inquiringly. "We could go in and wait."

Pete eyed the key dubiously. He was ready to drop the whole thing, go home and read, but Garrigan was already using the key. They entered a room that was hushed, but cold. "Ladies, I don't know about that," Pete observed. Garrigan looked him. "Maybe she left a note. I'll take a quick look and see what the deal is."

Pete waited unhappily. The apartment disturbed him, like an old woman revivified, like something out of boyhood coming back to memory. He saw the game, and reaching with a wrench, he hadn't played since—He heard Garrigan cursing in the back, and hurried to him.

Garrigan was shaking. "Let's get out of here, I can't get mixed up in

this. I'm on then for with the wife already."

Pete seized him by the shoulders. "What the hell's the matter?" he shouted. The guy wore on his nerves.

Garrigan pointed dumbly. "She's in there, dead!" He twisted his hands. "Look, I was lying, the dame was no client of mine. She's well, you know." He fumbled for a handkerchief. "I got lucky," he muttered.

"Yeah, I know," Pete said. He pushed through into the bedroom. Something in black napkins lay across the quilted bed. Mylone's legs stuck out. Pete stopped short, his mouth burning dry as he saw the curve of her leg, the dark curling hair, pink black before the life had been blown out of her. Pete's pulses pounded as he looked down for a second, hopelessly.

He turned her over, feeling gingerly the still faintly warm flesh through the cushion. He wouldn't look at the little girl's face that had never grown up, he knew now why the Room was familiar. He'd lived with that furniture, some of the best furniture of his life.

More than the pain of death in her face was the surprise, the amazement that anyone could be so cruel to her.

Pete said quietly, "She used to be my wife."

Garrigan started.

"Well, it," Pete said sadly. "Well, talk about it later, with the cops."

Garrigan shook his head vigorously. "No. We'll get out of here," he ordered. "My kids—"

"Shut up!" Pete tried to think. He'd figured Garrigan for tougher than this. The way he'd looked him. She'd asked that draft today. If he knew

Money, she'd still have the money around, certainly. The dresser probably. Or her handbag.

Garrison started to grin, sickly. "You're not in so good shape yourself, charm."

"How's that again?"

"You come here this afternoon, killed your ex-wife as a poison page. Then you get me to come with you later, to discover her. What of the police thought that?"

Pete studied him. "You could explain it, for me."

"Sure. If I was in the right mood."

"Wait a minute, Garrison. You trying to threaten me?"

"Oh, no," Garrison said smoothly. "Just showing you how our interests, uh . . . coincide. We both leave now, quickly, alone?"

Pete earned him mentally. But maybe Garrison was right. Pete had made a call nearby that afternoon. They could place him in the neighborhood.

"Straighten up the place, then. Wipe out your prints, you know where you left them."

Garrison moved out. Quickly, Pete shuffled through the dresser, and the handbag on top, full of woman's gear. No dough. She would not have looked it. Called it a few days, worried about it, then called him to ask what to do. Money was something Elaine never understood.

Pete suffered, the doorbell was ringing. He peered down the bedroom. Garrison had heard too, was standing near the door, hand in topcoat pocket.

The rattle of keys sounded. Pete groaned. Elaine had handed out keys to the whole army. One man at a time in her life was Elaine's idea of complete honesty.

A man came through the door. Pete saw only a bond of woolly reddish hair below his hat before Garrison struck. The man dropped and Garrison leaped aside him, blood-pain ready.

Pete came down the bedroom, knelt at the man's side. "Know him?" he asked.

Garrison, breathing heavily, shook his head. Pete saw his weapon was the curved wooden Balinese figure. Elaine kept on her night stand. He remembered, dully, the night he got it for her in Christown. Pete flipped the man over, looked at a pale face, upturned blond eyebrows. He searched him.

"Close by the name of James Rutherford. Out of town." The man breathed, unthinkingly. "I guess you had to hit him."

Garrison abruptly handed him the figure. "Let's go, then. No sentimental hub?" Garrison said.

"And no caps?" Pete took the figure, wiped it off carefully with his handkerchief. He noted the little smear of blood on it.

"And no caps. I don't like this." "You don't like it, I don't like it. Who does like it?" Pete snarled. "I hope we're doing the right thing. Let's go to your house, we need to build up our skin a little. Your wife is home?"

They got out of the building terrace, walked five blocks and parked up the next craning cab for Garrison's house.

"What about that cocktail party?" Pete asked.

"Something that came up the last minute?" Garrison shook his head dully. "I had a telephone message at the office, that's all. Could have been a frame."



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lens. Then the cops warned Harrison to have Lockner come in to headquarters.

"Nothing serious, I hope," Harrison said. The cops, closing the door, assented.

"We just figure he killed his wife, that's all."

The suddenness with which Harrison moved when the door closed startled Pete. Glasses and pipe were whipped off and Harrison ploughed toward the kitchen. They collided and Harrison grunted as Pete tottered some about his middle. They rushed to the kitchen door and squatted before light through Pete's nerve centers as he felt the full force of Harrison's knee.

Skull-popping blows whined against his face and jaw, right and left intermixed. Then the back of his head struck hard metal and he went out.

Pete came in and disentangled himself from the kitchen range. Harrison was gone, out the back way. When Pete's hand cleared he followed him. He'd better get together with Garrison and review their story in the light of what Harrison had told the cops.

He reentered at Harrison's Harry-moor-like exhibition. Calmly putting Pete in a jacket with a little ad libbing. They had found Elmore already. Pete's only defense, the truth, would stand if they picked him up now.

Pete went back down the steps, climbed a fence, walked a couple of blocks and picked up a cab for Forest Hills, hoping he could avoid it out of Garrison's without running into any trouble.

Lights still shined in the house, but it wasn't Pete's who entered.

Lola Garrison was dressed and jaded, even a shower-proof shower with great care to set off the lights in her hair. Her eyes were swollen, but she couldn't keep the tears from welling when she smiled at Pete.

He learned that Garrison had received a series of phone calls and had gone out to see an urgent client. She wanted that he come in for another drink. She didn't have to wait very long to make him stop, especially after he sensed the weariness in her spirit. She was fearful and worried about something.

Over a bourbon Pete asked politely about the health of the children. Bewildered, she looked at him and laughed. "Don't rush me," she said. Pete learned that there weren't any children—yet. Garrison's pleading of them was nothing but a bid for sympathy.

He took her by the shoulders, wondering how much he should tell her. He kept his face a blank and said:

"Listen. He may be in a jam. How serious, I don't know." His voice still rasped, he added, "I don't think you should sit here all evening worrying. He-it just isn't worth it."

She gave way to a soft, sweet-smelling bundle that lay lightly in his arms, even as Pete held her a precious moment until she pulled away, gently. "I know something was wrong. He's never brought anyone here before, and he acted as if—"

Pete made a small advantage of it. "You love your husband, don't you?" She looked away from him. "I don't want to see him suffer. Just what has he done?"

"Maybe nothing. But I'll find out."

He decided it was time for some



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The desk drawer was loose. He ran a finger along the upper surface and found where the lock had been pried open. He examined the other desks and the small file cabinet. Someone had gone over the office carefully, leaving few signs of his work other than the broken locks.

A great night for breaking and entering. Elsie's apartment, Pete's apartment and office, and now—Pete jumped up, remembering Gavigan's office was on the same floor, on the opposite side of the building.

Light was coming through the ground glass door but it slipped out as he approached. He flattened against the wall until the door opened slowly, cautiously, then he leveled off and hit, bursting the door open into the bulk of a man.

There came a snap from him as Pete belted him hard, two fists to his middle. He came back cowering, thumbs probing for Pete's eyes and Pete backed away, thinking about the knocking he'd gotten before.

The bulky man rushed him and Pete exchanged two more blows as to the enemy's middle for a bruising blow on his forehead, high. They traded positions, until the man was backed against the desk. Pete leaned him something behind him, and seated the man there coming. He dropped and an instant later the wall behind him.

A man groaned in the street be-

low. Both men turned an ear to it. The apartment was breathing in short rasping sobs, suffering from the effort. He spoke, croakingly. "Break it off, kid. Coppers on the way up here now."

"What do you want?" Pete growled.

"Look," the guy said, reasonably. Pete released his hands, and something exploded on his chin. He didn't do down, but he was too close to argue any more. The man was gone.

Pete pulled himself together, washed his eyes and face as the door slammed. He looked around the office, it had gotten the same treatment as his Not Gavigan, then. Carefully, Pete flipped open a desk drawer, saw Gavigan's company stamp book. He opened it to the last entry and noted the balance.

Seven hundred thirteen dollars and six cents. Enough to buy three squares a day and cigarettes besides, but only peanuts in the operation of a business like the Expenses could out it up in a week. Which might explain Mrs. Gavigan's warms. She knew they were short and she was proving a lot of tapes on the object. Pete had supposedly gone to interview.

Pete moved no longer, but bent down the hall and ducked into the stairway when he heard the elevator coming up. The two plainclothesmen he'd seen in the Blue Lamp got out.

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They stood for Pete's office. He remembered what he was going to do, call Jerry. He got to a pay phone and tried the Blue Room, but the bartender had gone out when he'd have to take a chance on getting to his apartment. He could pick up a few dollars there and lay up in a hotel somewhere until the odds shifted in his favour. He was sure if he could get Lathen Gerington alone for ten minutes he'd know the name of Elmore's killer.

Gerington hadn't spoken two words of truth yet, but Pete was not to overdo it out of him, if the cops didn't grab either himself or Gerington first.

He approached his apartment cautiously, stepping in the slight drag side across the street for coffee and watching the extreme opposite him. A familiar figure came through the door, waited in the foyer to light a cigarette, then advanced into the street, pulling his hat low over his face, perhaps to shield it from the wind.

It was Jerry. Pete peed up and hurried across the street but the bartender was gone. He wondered what was on Jerry's mind, to look him up this time of night. He found the answer in his room—was sitting in his big reading chair with a pen in his lap.

It was Gerington. His eyes were glazed, crazy-looking. Popsicles of moisture beaded his forehead. Pete walked closer and Gerington turned the pen in his left hand.

"Sit down," the fat man said. "Cops'll be right over." A faint grin creased his smooth cheeks and he spoke hesitantly, as if he'd run a great distance.

"I spent you in," Gerington said. "You killed your wife." He held his

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right hand tight under his coat.  
 "The hell," Pete growled quietly.  
 "You bent his head in with that wooden spine for a chunk of stinking money. You're broken, Garrison."

The man in the chair made a sour face. "I needed dough," he muttered, wearily. "She laughed at me when I asked for it." He sat, dully.  
 "Laughed."

Pete winced. He remembered her screaming, bedevilled laughter. It had started just before she left him.

Garrison grunted again. "Stay in front. Where I can watch you. I phoned the cops and word came with me, killed her in a jealous rage."

"You can't prove it."  
 "Dumb-as-dog statement. I'm done for." He spit away a flock of doom. "I said you blackmailed me to shut you. I pretended to go along, until I could get to the cops."

"You're doing Garrison."  
 "I'll last long enough."  
 "Who got you? Harrison?"

"That cheap con?" He was just after his money. How much story about divorce settlements?

"Jerry, then?"

"Leave him out of it. Jerry's okay." Garrison grunted again. "You got me, Lockman?" His voice faded off. Pete walked up to him, carefully.

Garrison laid the gun down in his lap. Now he wasn't seeing any more. "Look," he whispered. "She'll be

okay — she — she'll be all right."

Now he wasn't seeing any more.

Pete slipped his hands inside Garrison's coat. They came away sticky. He was soaked in blood. Probably her's. Garrison had an appointment with the cops, but he hadn't lasted long enough.

If they guessed Garrison's death on him—Pete saw the score in Lost eyes. No, if he took the run, it had to be for anything else but Garrison.

Why had Garrison gotten it? Pete watched him for the money. Nothing. Nothing, but in the topmost pocket a wad of blood.

Every place on the count had been searched tonight. Except Garrison's house. If Garrison had done the searching, all right. But Harrison? Or Jerry? He thought of how Garrison had died, and Kloss. He thought of Lost Garrison, all alone, waiting.

Suddenly, he had to get to Lost. He could explain all this later. He got out and out back on.

Two men were waiting for the elevator in the lobby. He'd seen them before, the plainclothesmen at the Blue Lamp.

"Mr. Lockman, I presume?" the cop said with a wary leer.

"You'll find a body in my living room," Pete said. "They got Garrison."

"Yeah. We had her call. It's not

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"Dough, huh," he said to nobody. "Better put the cuffs on him." Then his eye fell on Garigosa.

"Oh, he ain't tried," he said, brightening. "Sweet City Jimmy, the widow's favorite. I do declare quite a hand, the two of them."

"Wait a minute," Pete growled. The cop turned on him, snarling. "Don't tell me you got another explanation."

"That his hole is Garigosa's chest. Try the knife for me." Pete was feeling keen. "I'm betting it fits." Now he knew why Garigosa had shielded Harigosa—so that there wouldn't be any chance for the police to hear about the stolen money.

The cop snarled. "All right," he ordered. "The witness's own law test Garigosa now. Take the knife and there and see who's right. If it fits, I'll buy this guy a cigar."

It did. And the trace of blood in Garigosa's pocket was from Harigosa. He'd stuck the Baltimore figure there after using it on him.

Harigosa talked. He was wanted there for an investment and she asked her boy friend, Garigosa, what he thought Garigosa tried to cut himself on. When Harigosa asked him as it, he stopped her.

Harigosa, half-crazy at the loss of his work, knifed Garigosa trying to make him talk about the suddenly missing cash—which was still missing.

Shielding the guy's eyes (which didn't, Pete got to the Blue Lamp just before closing time).

"So the cat scratched you," Jerry said, winking. Pete's face.

"Same cat," Pete said. "I'll have a Gibson."

Jerry brought it, bristled and snoring.

"And," Pete added, "I'll take what Garigosa left for his wife."

"There must be a mistake, damn." Jerry shook his head blindly.

Pete put an edge to his voice. "Don't be stupid. They could get you put, as an accessory. For helping hide Garigosa in my room."

"I didn't," Pete said, "neither your name in the cops. But I might drop back by headquarters tonight."

Shrugging, the bartender went to the register on the backbar, pulled a Manila envelope from behind it. "And a stamp," Pete said.

He put Garigosa's name and office address on the upper left corner and addressed the envelope to Mrs. Garigosa, at the Forest Hills number. Garigosa wouldn't have left her enough to pay for his funeral.

Jerry took off his apron and walked out. Pete sighed. He hoped the money would all be back on the family some day. But he'd have to look for a new bar now, and a new bartender. He remembered the Gibson.

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# CELL TO LET

KATHLEEN RYAN

The murder-hunt can hand his crime-ridden penalty.

GOOD evening Warden Ray, you look worried," Jimmy Belmore, reporter, pushed his hat to the back of his head and shuffled a chair. "One of your bad boys acting up?"

Warden Brown shook his head slowly. "I wish it were as simple as that," he said. "I can handle disturbances in prison. It's when a man leaves—a man who is better behind bars. That's when I commence to worry."

"But that isn't your worry, Warden," objected Jimmy. "You're not responsible for a man after he gets out."

"I know, Jimmy," Warden Brown smiled ruefully. "But I'm worried about Ben Bellmore just the same. He's no good. A killer."

"Say I remember him," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "Covered his trail. Wasn't it about five years ago?"

Warden Brown nodded. "Bellmore got out today. He was a model prisoner, but I always had the feeling that he was just marking time. Then he had some unfortunate business to take care of when he was given his freedom. It wasn't anything that you could put your finger on. He didn't talk much when he was inside—and—the way acted away, but he talked in his sleep. The guards say he was always after a guy named Bell."

Jimmy grinned. "Well, that's better than a nail named Ben." He dialed himself reluctantly off the chair and started for the door. "See you again,

Warden. I'll keep my eyes and ears open. If I happen to come across Bellinger in town I'll keep you informed."

+ + +

Over on the other side of town Ben Bellmore crossed pacing his small bedroom and threw himself on the bed.

A wave of hatred swept over him like an evil shadow and left him trembling. He had always hated Ed Hagan. Even in the days when they had passed fruit from the produce store over on the East Side Hill had invariably squatted when he got caught. After doing time on reform school, Bell had got himself a job and had gone straight. Well, as far as Ben was concerned, that was just dandy. As long as Bell kept out of his hair, he didn't care what he did.

Ben almost forgot about Bell—until the night Ben tried to pull the bank job. Bell had recognized him lurking outside the bank and had waited the police. They had caught him red-handed. He didn't have a chance. It was the last time that Bell would ever speak to him. At 2 a.m. he was going over to Bell's rooming house to kill him.

Slowly the minutes ticked on. He got up lit a cigarette, commenced pacing the room again. At a quarter to two he put on his dressing, turned up his collar, pulled a hat well down over his eyes. Five minutes later he was out on the street.

Edn lived just two blocks over in old Mrs. Benson's rooming house. Shouldn't be hard to break into that joint, he thought. He had tried there once himself. There was a back window he used to use when he was out on a job. Mrs. Benson had an uneasy knowledge of the time that her roomers got in via the front door.

"Get a match, buddy?" Ben whirled around, his head snapping the gun in his removed pocket. But the shabby man who asked the question didn't look dangerous. He fished down in his pocket, silently handing out a match. The man gestured something and shuffled off in the darkness.

Mrs. Benson's rooming house was in the middle of the block, separated from its neighbors by a narrow lane.

He walked slowly by the house, noted that it was in complete darkness. From the darkness he could see a white sign on the front door, but he wasn't very curious.

"Probably room to let," he muttered to himself. Then he gave a dry chuckle. Tomorrow she could change that sign to room to let.

Ben looked quickly up and down the dark street before he docketed in to the lane and made his way to the back of the house. Then he went to the kitchen window and peered it gently.

There was a prelude smell in the house. Like nothing he had ever smelled before. He checked for a minute, then held his breath for fear he had been heard. But there was no

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# UICK UIPS

One of the joys of life is a child. It also represents one of the trials of life. But life is never dull when children are around. Now, you have to rule them firmly. From now on that may be harder, because the ones who are disappearing from schools. Which could mean fewer schooling troubles.

But don't think that children are not punished. They are—they grow up and become parents.

One young fellow was learning the piano. When he returned home from his lesson one day, his mother said "What did the music teacher think of your rendition of the 'Morning Noon and Night'?" The lad grinned and replied "After a few hours, he told me to call it a day."

That same lad called his dog "Hitchhiker" because he didn't hitchhike.

Which reminds us of another lad. He played his violin only at night, because someone told him the strings come from a horse's tail.

Kids know as much about things. One kid said to his brother "When you see the clock brought you and Alice—and me as well." His brother gave a big grin. "Yeah, I know," he said. "There ain't been a natural birth in his family for years."

Oh for adolescence when. Of

course, you know that adolescence is the age when you know why a strapless evening gown is held up, but you don't know how.

And it isn't the cost of a strapless gown which matters—it's the upkeep.

When kids are in their teens, they are impossible prizes. Like one chap who spent hours glowing over his appearance. He was shipped about it by his father. The lad told his old man "I don't think I am headstrong, but what's my opinion against a mirror's?"

A lot of High School graduates still end a sentence with a period.

If you are a parent, here is a hint: The best time to redecorate your house is when the children are old enough to suggest it.

If you are a youth remember proverbs are short sentences based on long experience. Remember, also, that no man becomes wise through his father's knowledge.

Then, of course, there is the classic remark of George Bernard Shaw. The great man said "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a pity to waste it on children."

We know of a mother who went to a hardware store in Sydney. There we will let the water wait.



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